

MINDEN ECHO

21/12/1892

Some thing and bring the children to see the Toys at

Corrie's Hallgarten

THE MINDEN ECHO. Published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the Proprietor, No. 1, The Strand, London, W.C. 2. The price of the paper is 1d. per copy, 1s. 6d. per annum in advance. The paper is sent free of postage to subscribers in the United Kingdom. The paper is also sent free of postage to subscribers in the Colonies and Foreign Countries, at the rate of 1s. 6d. per annum in advance. The paper is published by the Proprietor, No. 1, The Strand, London, W.C. 2. The paper is published by the Proprietor, No. 1, The Strand, London, W.C. 2.

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MINDEN ECHO

21/12/1892

994.30

LAMPS

Given
Away.

Come and Get One

For 4 weeks you get 10 per cent off cash purchases, given in Lamps. Dozens to choose from.



Here is the place to sell your
Pork, Beef, Butter, &c., &c., for
CASH.

WATSON

is always there, and gives you good GOODS,
good service and good value.

Noice's General Store, Minden

The Largest, Newest and Best Selected Stock of Goods
IN THE COUNTY

Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Rub-
bers, Shoepacks, Moccasins, &c., Hats & Caps.

Groceries of all kinds, Fresh & of Superior Quality

MILLINERY

A New & Attractive Stock Just Arrived

A SPECIAL LINE OF GLASSWARE

Exceedingly Cheap. See our 25c. Glass Sets.

Flour of Several Grades and Lowest Prices.

CASH for GRAIN and PRODUCE

E. Noice.

DOMINION
ORGAN & PIANO CO.

THE WORLD-RENOVED PRODUCTIONS OF THIS COMPANY, WHICH
have honorably achieved fame in competition with the best instruments of
other makers the world over, still stand in the

FRONT RANK

Elegant and Chase Design of Case,
Beauty of Finish,

Solidity of Construction, and
Thoroughness of Workmanship

Every Piano and Organ Warranted for Five Years.

Each Instrument has our Patented Mouse-Proof Attachment.

Inspection of the Dominion Pianos and Organs cordially invited. Descriptive
Catalogues supplied upon application.

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO CO.,

Bowmanville, Ont.

W. LOGAN, Lindsay, Agent.

Write to head office, Bowmanville, for illustrated catalogue.

THE RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and
bowels, purify the blood, are pleasant to take, safe and
always effectual. A reliable remedy for Biliousness, Blisters
on the Face, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Colic, Constipation,
Chronic Diarrhoea, Chronic Liver Trouble, Diabetes, Disordered
Stomach, Dizziness, Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Flatulence,
Female Complaints, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Hives,
Jaundice, Kidney Complaints, Liver Troubles, Loss of Appetite,
Mental Depression, Nausea, Neuralgic Rash,
Painful Digestion, Pimples, Rush of Blood to
the Head, Sallow Complexion, Scrofula,
Sick Headache, Skin
Diseases, Sour Stomach,
Torpid Liver, Ulcers,
other symptom or dis-
impure blood or a failure in the proper performance of their
functions by the stomach, liver and intestines. Persons given
to over-eating are benefited by taking one tabule after each
meal. A continued use of the Ripans Tabules is the surest
cure for obstinate constipation. They contain nothing that can
be injurious to the most delicate. 1 gross \$2, 1/2 gross \$2.25,
1/4 gross 75c., 1-24 gross 15 cents. Sent by mail postage paid.
Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, New York.



Nausea, Neuralgic Rash,
Pimples, Rush of Blood to
plexion, Salt Rheum,
Sick Headache, Skin
ach, Tired Feeling,
Water Brash and every
case that results from

A Relic Wrecked:

OTTAWA, Dec. 1. The barque Eliza
has been wrecked off the coast of
Brazil after a fortunate career of 120 years.
She was launched in 1772, shortly after
the fleur-de-lis had given place to the
red cross of Quebec and just before the
stars and stripes became the banner of
a nation. She sailed between New
Scotland and Plymouth nearly three qua-
ters of a century before modern ocean
steamships were invented. She was
knocked out by European trade and
she has been engaged in the coasting
traffic since. She was a good gain
sauce on the day she was wrecked
when she was 120 years old.

A Cold in the Head

is the beginning of catarrh, and catarrh often
lays the foundation for consumption. The
last disease may be avoided by curing the
first two, either of which yields at once to
Clark's Catarrh Cure, price 50 cents. It
clears the head, restores the sense of smell,
and drives away that dull headache which
all experience who have Catarrh in any
form. One package of Clark's Catarrh Cure
will work wonders. If the druggist has not
got it, send price direct to Clark's Chemical
Company, Toronto or New York, and the
package will be sent by return mail.

An Up to Date Sketch

The Mirror, a Chaplain and the
Modern Girl.

She was standing before a long mirror, ad-
justing a little pink earring that she called
her "beastie." Her head was inclined
little to one side, and luxury was in all of
her surroundings and appointments. She
was an exceedingly pretty girl and she
knew it without studying her photograph.
Those are the poor-pollars for my Yale
boys," she said, pointing toward two lumpy
heaps on a dresser. "I picked them in the
Adirondacks myself! Going to let each fel-
low know that I have sent one to the other.
Scheme, isn't it? Jealous, do you see?
Lots of fun! Nothing like it!"

"You're a saucy little thing," said the indul-
gent duenna in the corner.
"Not at all. I can't help it if they all
like me and keep on falling in love with
me. I rub them sometimes, but many of
them even like to be snubbed—by me."

"Remarkable!" said the sententious du-
enna, smiling.

"Oh, yes! There's my Cuban awe toat, for
instance. Whenever I say nasty, mean
things to him, or refuse to dance with him,
he doesn't pay the proud Hidalgo and a
way along her, like the hero of a novel—
not he! He simply walks down to a swell
confectionery and buys a couple of fire upon
my head by sending me the most swag-
gering bonbonniere his money can buy, and then,
when he comes back in a week's time, I am
so humble, don't you see! Then I wish
sweet eggs and smile on him, and he takes
it all as a matter of course. He only looks
devoted at me with his Spanish eye, and it
is over and over. Then I go to the piano
and sing 'For You, For You, My Darling'
—looking at him, and that turns
his brain. He comes over and kisses my
rings as if he wanted to eat my hand. Funny,
isn't it? But that's just the way with some
men; they are like the dog, and the walnut
tree—'The more you beat 'em, the better
they be'."

"You seem to have vast experience, my
dear, yet you are only 21."

"Oh, I began early! I've been keeping
up the merry racket for several years now.
I get to be a girl's second nature, don't
you know?"

"And are you happy in this atmosphere
of flirtation and intrigue?"

"Happy! What a question! I couldn't
live without it! It is bread and cheese and
kisses to me—especially the latter."

She threw out an arch glance and laughed
coarsely, as only the girl of many lovers
can do.

"And which one of them, are you going to
marry; for that is where it must all end, you
know? You will tire of flirtation by and by."

She threw out another side glance at her
inquisitor and answered naively:

"Do you know, papa is quite the most
charming man I ever met. When I encounter
him, I shall marry, I shall marry, per-
haps!"

Then she lifted her skirt, disclosing her
smart pink silk petticoat, and, thrusting
out a dainty foot said:

"They fit snugly, don't they? Come on, or
we shall be late for the Minton luncheon,
and we don't want to wear our good con-
science with any such social sins. I assure
you," and she slipped down the stairs, sing-
ing prettily, "Love is all conscience any-
way."

THE DECEMBER COSMOPOLITAN.

In view of the fact that Sir Edwin Ar-
nold will very likely be the next post-lau-
rate, one might with interest to his most en-
tertaining article in the December COSMO-
POLITAN, "The Japanese Watering Place,"
the same number contains seven portraits of
famous men, and interesting views of his late
home and surroundings. Those Gorman has
penetrated the mysteries of the silent trop-
ics; and with a profane kodak
"burst" has taken pictures of "Varieties of
American Juvenile Life." "H. Remond throws
light on the Black Art," and Theodore
Goswami and Maurice Thompson each con-
tribute interesting articles. A feature of
the number is twenty-four portraits of Pa-
ris journalists, with sketches of their work.
A curious bit is found in the contrast of the
little frontispiece which is a fine mag-
nificent illustration of a painting of
"The Conqueror," by Fritz, which attrac-
ted so much attention at the last Paris Salon,
and on the other "The Conqueror," by
Anton Dietrich; in the one the heroes of
war moving down the vista of the centuries
in magnificent array between ghastly lines of
ruined cities, the other the unfortunate of
ill times and lands flocking beneath the
gentle hand of the living Christ. The
Cosmopolitan will mark its first edition of
50,000 copies—free for January—by the
gift of 1000 free subscriptions. In return
for introducing the Cosmopolitan into certain
neighborhoods the Cosmopolitan offers to
any young man or woman (residence, board,
lodging and laundry at Y. L. Vassar, Har-
vard, or any of the leading colleges, schools,
clubs, music, medicine, or science. They
send out a pamphlet on application telling
how to obtain one of these free subscriptions.

Sudden Changes.

A cold, or exposure, may cause the poison-
ous acids in the blood to clog its circulation.
This is rheumatism. Clark's Lightning
Liniment will stop the pain at once. It
should be taken both internally and externally
if the attack is severe, and it affords instant
relief. If the pain appears again, it should
be met with the same treatment, until a
cure is effected. This wonderful preparation
has worked some remarkable cures among
rheumatic sufferers. Where once tried, it is
always used after. Sold by all druggists;
price 50 cents. Clark Chemical Company,
Toronto, New York.

PUMPS.

I beg leave to say that I have started the
manufacture of Pumps with turned heads
and Pipe. Timber all steamed, thus taking
the sap out and preventing it from spoiling
the taste of the water. I make a hard wood,
or galvanized steel lined cylinder, according
to your wish and attend to the repairing
all makes of pumps.

Terms moderate. Give me a call.
J. H. DAVID,
Ingoldsbay.

WANTED

Agents to sell our choice and hardy
Nursery Stock. We have many new
special varieties, both in fruits and or-
namentals to offer, which are controlled
only by us. We pay commission or
salary. Write us at once for terms,
and a choice of territory.

MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen,
14-10t Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE

My new Roller Flour Mills and Chop-
ping tones are now running in a first
class style and I will be glad to have a
share of your patronage, and hope to hold
your custom by first dealing and doing
first class work. I will always have a
stock of flour and mill feed on hand, and
will pay highest market price for wheat,
peas, oats, rye, buckwheat or barley.
Yours very respectfully,

J. H. HARVEY, Cobocok

For Over Fifty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been
used by millions of mothers for their chil-
dren while teething. If disturbed at night
and broken your rest by a sick child suf-
fering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth
send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Win-
slow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething.
It will relieve the poor little sufferer
immediately. Depend upon it, mothers,
there is no mistake about it. It cures Diar-
rhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels,
cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, and re-
duces Inflammation, and gives tone and en-
ergy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup" for children teething is
pleasant to the taste and is the prescription
of one of the oldest and best female physi-
cians and nurses in the United States. Price
twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all drug-
gists throughout the world. Be sure and ask
for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

6TH HALF-YEARLY COMPETITION

The most Interesting Contest ever offered
by The Canadian Agriculturist.

One Thousand Dollars in Cash, a Pair of Handsome
Sheffield Plates, Carriage and Harness, and over two
thousand other prizes are offered by the Agriculturist
brightest readers! Who will have them? According to
the usual custom for some years past the publishers of
The Agriculturist have now offered their Rich Half-Yearly
Literary Competition. This grand competition will no
doubt, be the most gigantic and successful one ever pre-
sented to the people of the United States and Canada.
One Thousand Dollars in Cash will be paid to the pre-
sented in the largest list of English words con-
structed from letters in the words "The Canadian Agri-
culturist."

Five Hundred Dollars in Cash will be given to the
second largest list. A Handsome Pair of Sheffield Pl-
ates, Carriage and Harness, will be given for the third
largest list. Over one thousand additional prizes are
offered in order of merit: One Grand Trip; \$300 Organ; \$500
Piano; Dinner Sets; Ladies' Gold Watches; Silk Dress-
Patterns; Portiere Curtains; Silver Tea Services; Ten-
nyson's Poems, bound in cloth; Dickens's 12 volumes,
bound in cloth, etc.

As there are more than 1000 prizes, any one who takes
the trouble to prepare an original list will not fail
to receive a valuable prize. This is the largest thing in
the competition list that we have ever placed before the
public, and all who do not take part will miss an oppor-
tunity of a life time.

Each list must contain one dollar to pay for the list, and
the list must be sent to the Agriculturist. If two or more
lists are sent, the list which bears the earliest postmark
will take the first prize, and the others will receive prizes
in order of merit. U. S. money and stamps take at par.
The object in offering these magnificent prizes is to
introduce our popular magazine to new homes, in every
part of the American continent.

Every competitor enclosing 25 cents in stamps extra,
will receive free, by mail, postage paid, one of THE AGRICULTURIST
RURAL EDITION, and Southern Edition of Canada.

Prizes awarded to persons residing in the United States
will be shipped from our New York office free of duty.
All money prizes should be registered.

Our Foreign Correspondents—We have given away
25,000 prizes during the last two years, and have thou-
sands of letters from prize-winners in every state in the
Union and every part of Canada and Newfoundland.
Send K. L. Bourne, A. D. C. to the Governor General of Can-
ada, Ottawa, or to the Editor of The Agriculturist, 100
Adelaide St., Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

Competition closes January 15th, 1893.

Competition closes January 15th, 1893.

Many Ladies

have written that Clark's Catarrh Cure has
relieved them, restoring perfectly in every
sense. Through gratitude they have con-
sented that their names be published. Yet the
Clark Chemical Company will not use this
means to advertise their remedy. They will
not parade the sufferings of any one, or invade
the sacred privacy of any home. Any suf-
ferer from catarrh will recommend Clark's
Catarrh Cure, and that good word is worth
more than the published certificate. Clark
Chemical Company, Toronto, New York.

WORKMAN

Stinson & Co.

Have Moved into Their New Premises

Where they offer a large and well
assorted stock of Groceries, Clothing,
Boots & Shoes, Crockery, &c., all new
fresh goods at the lowest possible prices.

They have opened out a carefully se-
lected stock of

New and Fashionable
DRY GOODS,

purchased in the best markets, that will
be found worthy of inspection.

Give Us a Call.

WORKMAN

Stinson & Co.,

MINDEN.

NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the undersigned
either by book account, note or order
mortgage are hereby notified that they are
required to settle up this fall without fail,
otherwise prompt steps will be taken to en-
force payment.

Mark Morrison.

Minden, 21st Sept. 1892.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 30, Con. A., Snowdon, three
miles from Gelert, Apply to
E. D. ORDE,
Lindsay,
Or to
Minden, Ontario,
May 28, 1889.
M. BROWN,
Minden.

AUCTION SALE

OF
SHINGLE TIMBER, ETC.

The undersigned are instructed by
Messrs. Boyd & Co. (dissolved by the
death of a partner), to offer for sale by
auction, at the BENSON HOUSE,
LINDSAY,

On Wednesday, Dec'r 28th, 1892,

The timber berths withdrawn
at their former sale,

containing large quantities of dry pine,
lying pine cedar, etc., suitable for shing-
les and bill stuff, as well as hemlock and
other woods.

The timber berths are situated in the
Townships of Snowdon, Glamorgan, Mon-
mouth, & Harvey.

For particulars apply to Messrs. Boyd,
Robeyson, or to Messrs. Wickham &
Thompson, Canada Life Building, To-
ronto.

GEO. BARRY, Proprietor.

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MINDEMECHO

9/12/1892

E. Noyce
CASH FOR GRAIN and PRODUCE
Flour, Corn, Beans and Lowest Prices.
Box and 300 Glass Sets
T. Knechtly, Agent

FOR SALE

MINDEN ECHO

9/12/1897

994.80

Why it Pays to do your Trading with us.

Dundas and Flavelle Bros.

Reason it in this way. We buy from the fountain head, visiting personally the markets of the old world, and buying for spot cash direct from the manufacturers of Great Britain, France and Germany. This gives us the newest and best goods at prices positively otherwise unattainable.

If it is Mantles you want, we have nearly 1000 to select from. Prices, \$3.00 to 4.00 for nicely trimmed Jackets. Better and more popular goods, \$5.00 to 10.00.

R. G. HAIGHT,

The Farmer's Friend
& Licensed Peddler.
Agent for Myers' Horse & Cattle Spice

We will buy everything you have to sell, and sell you most everything you want to buy.

Bring Along
Your Old Copper.
Your Old Brass.
Your Old Rubbers.
Your Wool.
Your Wool Pickings
Your Eggs & Cuts
Your Butter.

For which we will pay a higher price than any one in the Village.

In our Peddling Van we will endeavor to carry a choice mixture of

DRY GOODS, T, TOBACCOS.

GROCERIES & TINWARE.
Use Myers' Royal Spice for Pigs,
Poultry, Horses, Cattle & Sheep.

R. G. Haight & Co.
Use Myers' Royal Spice.

William Eastman,
Blacksmith, Horse-shoer

—AND—
GENERAL --- JOBBER

Careful personal attention given to Horse-shoeing, everything in Blacksmithing attended to promptly. Work warranted and prices moderate.
Call and give me a trial.

SLEIGHS of Every description supplied on the shortest notice.

W. EASTMAN,
Minden

TAILORING!

—IT WILL—

PAY YOU
TO GIVE ME A CALL
ERE YOU ORDER YOUR
FALL and WINTER

—SUITS—

G. ROWLISON,
KINMOUNT.

GORDON & LUCAS,
HOUSE, SIGN & CARRIAGE PAINTERS,
Haliburton.
Kaleomining, Paper Hanging &c., &c.
Orders left at this office promptly attended to.
Wm. Gordon, J. R. Lucas

Mail Stage Route

—BETWEEN—
MINDEN & CELERT,
Twice Daily Each Way

Leaves Minden at 5.15 a.m. and 4 p.m., returning from Celert immediately after arrival of trains.

DONALD J. HARTLE,

Proprietor

THE MINDEN TIN SHOP

Again in full blast. You need not endanger your lives and property by buying any more of those patent tin traps called stove pipes, when you can get the genuine article, home-made, for ten cents a length, or one dozen for \$1.00.

Cooking & Box Stoves Away Down
Also another lot of those iron heaters ready for sale. Come and choose for yourselves, they are just the best thing yet for comfort at small cost.

All kinds of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Work done in the best style.

STOVE OVENS LINED

and all kinds of repairing done with neatness and despatch. Old Copper, Brass, Sheep Skins, &c., taken in exchange.

A. MCINTOSH.



The Minden Echo

MINDEN, FRID. Y, DEC. 9, 1892.

The New Administration.

Ottawa, Dec. 5.—The following is the personnel of the new Ministry which will be finally submitted for His Excellency's approval to-morrow:

Sir John Thompson—Premier and Minister of Justice.

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell—Minister of Trade and Commerce.

Hon. G. E. Foster—Minister of Finance.

Sir A. P. Caron—Postmaster-General.

Hon. John Costigan—Secretary of State.

Hon. C. H. Tupper—Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Hon. John Haggart—Minister of Railways and Canals.

Hon. J. A. Ouimet—Minister of Public Works.

Hon. J. C. Patterson—Minister of Militia.

Hon. T. M. Daly—Minister of the Interior.

Hon. A. R. Angers—Minister of Agriculture.

Hon. W. B. Ives—President of the Privy Council.

Hon. John Carling and Hon. Frank Smith—Ministers without portfolio.

The above form the Cabinet.

Hon. J. J. Curran—Solicitor-General.

Hon. N. Clarke Wallace—Controller of Customs.

Hon. J. F. Wood—Controller of Inland Revenue.

Death of Mr. J. Joseph Pym

Our citizens were startled beyond measure on Friday evening last by the sudden death of Mr. Joseph Pym. It will be remembered that a couple of months since he got his thigh broken and the confinement to one position for several weeks produced an accumulation of matter in his lungs that had alarming effects. Dr. Sim, son of Lindsay, was called in consultation with Dr. Curry, and afterwards Dr. McAlpin of Lindsay, and Dr. Graham, of Fenelon, were also called in consultation, when an operation was performed and the matter withdrawn, which resulted in apparent relief—unfortunately during one of his severe attacks the fractured limb was again separated, but was carefully and successfully reduced by the united professional skill of Drs. Curry, McAlpin and Graham, and the patient seemed progressing most favorably; he was, however, subject to occasional prostration, and a weak height, but the more serious troubles of the lungs seemed to have entirely disappeared, so confident of the improvement and ultimate recovery of the family, that his brother, Mr. Wm. Pym, who had been waiting most assiduously up and down a couple of weeks (having been granted leave of absence from his duty as conductor of the G. T. R. for that purpose) started for his home in Hamilton on Friday afternoon, but before he reached there, a telegram, informing him of the death of his brother, brought him back to his home in Hamilton, and he immediately returned to relieve his sister-in-law in the arrangements for the interment of his deceased brother. The body was taken on Saturday morning to Port Hope, to be interred in the family burying ground there; owing to the late hour at which the decision was reached, but few persons outside his family knew of the intended removal of the body, except his two her Oddfellows, who accompanied his remains to the G. T. R. Station and sent a deputation to Port Hope, who accompanied the family to lay him in his last resting place. We but feebly voice the general sentiment of the respectable portion of this entire community, when we say there is a universal and deep sympathy felt for the widow and three infant children in their sad bereavement, and a most pronounced condemnation of the lawless aggression that was the prime cause of the injury, whose fatal termination is so disastrous to the welfare of the loved ones, who looked to him for guidance and support. Few men ever resided in this place who made so many warm personal friends in such a short period as Joseph Pym, of pleasing personal appearance and gentlemanly manner, he won for himself friends in all directions, who admired his upright conduct and sterling honesty, his sudden and premature death elicited many a deep-felt sigh from many hearts and brought a dim moisture to many an eye; if tender hands and loving hearts could have saved him, death could not have claimed its victim.

Roberta Wilkinson, of Brownsville, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world. A trial bottle will convince you. Warranted by F. R. Curry."

Whoopee. Whoopee.

What Bargains we get in CLOTHING when we buy at

E. E. W. MCGAFFEYS,

OVERCOATS.

You won't get stuck on Prices if you buy your Overcoats at Going Out of Business Sale. We are Positively GIVING UP BUSINESS.

DRESS GOODS.

See our Prices for Dress Goods. They will be of interest to you.

Furs, Coats, Caps and Mantles.

Get our Figures on Furs, Coats, Caps and Mantles. They are reasonable.

Carpets and House Furnishings.

Our stock of Carpets and House Furnishings must be sold at once. No reserve in this department. Everything must go.

MANTLES, MANTLE CLOTHS and MILLINERY.

Mantles, Mantle Cloths and Millinery to be sacrificed. Bargains for all.

We invite every man, woman and child to visit us during the Next Six Weeks and get our Prices. It will be to your interest to trade with us. We mean business. Come and see us when looking for Bargains.

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY, Lindsay's Leader of Low Cash Prices.

Santa Claus is Coming

And he can find a large and well assorted stock of goods in his line for Christmas at the

Phoenix Drug Store, Minden,

Where there is now on exhibition Fancy Goods, comprising:

Plush Toilet Cases, Odor Cases, Boxes, Xmas. Cards, Toys, Toy Books, Dolls, Purses, Fancy Glassware, &c., &c.
A Special Line of Ricksecker's, Fine Perfumery & Christmas Novelties.

F. R. CURRY.

MINDEN ECHO

9/12/1892

DRESS GOODS
Furs, Coats, Caps and Millinery

MINDEN ECHO

9/12/1892

204.80

CARTER,

The Great Dry Goods and Clothing Man, of Lindsay.

Our friends are many in Minden and Vicinity.

Why? Because we always deal honestly by all who trade with us. We give you the very best goods that can be got at prices LOWER than other houses ask for inferior stuff. Now, this season we have secured an enormous stock of

CLOTHING, bought at 50c. on the Dollar for SPOT CASH, and which we intend clearing out at a very small advance on cost. Anyone in want of a

Suit or Overcoat

will find it to their advantage to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. In

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Notions, &c.,

We have the reputation of being the cheapest in the Counties. Buy your XMAS. GOODS, from us. We have a large stock of Novelties this Season. Time or space will not allow us to enumerate many prices.



Tweed Overcoat, Tweed Lined, for	\$3 75
Heavy Tweed ULSTER Overcoat, for	4 25
Fine Napp Overcoat, for	3 75
Serge Pants, for	65
Heavy Tweed pants, for	1 00
Men's Tweed Suits, for	1 95
All Wool Cardigan Jacket	75
White Blankets, per pair	2 00
Ladies Heavy Winter Shawls, for	1 95
Men's Wool Under Shirt	25
" " " Drawers	25
Men's Heavy all wool Sox	10
Grain Bags, 16 oz., per doz.	2 25
Heavy Top Shirts	50
10 White Fancy Border Handkerchiefs for	25
Wide Hemp Carpet for	10
Black Henrietta, d'ble fold	20

We pay particular attention to letter orders, which we are receiving daily from the North Country. If you cannot conveniently come to town, send in your order and it will receive our best attention.

M. J. Carter, SIGN OF GOLDEN LION.

P. S. When in town call and see us, a Pleasure to show Goods.

40 Kent St., and 1 & 3 York St., LINDSAY.

PATERSON & CO., offer greater BARGAINS in DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, GENTS' FURNISHINGS, FURS, FUR COATS, ROBES, &c., &c., than any other store in LINDSAY. A splendid assortment of FANCY XMAS. GOODS just to hand AT HALF PRICE. Call and see our BARGAINS when in Town. Ask for one of our hand-some Calenders for 1893. Every customer who trades with us goes home happy. Come and make the Syndicate Store your headquarters.

Paterson & Co., Next the Post Office, Kent St., LINDSAY.

MINNIE ECHO

2/12/1892



Heavy Tweed ULSTER

4 25

Overcoat for

8 75

Fine Nap Overcoat for

65

Serge Pants for

fers

des home

Cell and

2 ROBES

2 in DRY

MINNIE ECHO

2/12/1892

54.80

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

It is understood that the Quebec Legislature will meet on the 10th or 12th of January.

The transfer of the Dominion's London account to the Bank of Montreal will be effected in January.

Anthony O'Hara, of Collingwood, Ont., was asphyxiated in an hotel at Toronto early the other morning.

Mr. Justice MacLennan, of Toronto, has been elected honorary president of Queen's University Alma Mater Society, Kingston.

Premier Cayley declared, in an interview at Winnipeg, that he was not in favour of Separate schools in the North-West Territories.

It is stated that the coloured cotton combine, which controls all the coloured cotton mills of the Dominion with the exception of the Parks mill, of St. John, N. B., has secured control of the latter.

An old lady named Mrs. Gibbons, residing at Tuckersmith, about four miles west of Seaford, Ont., committed suicide by hanging herself to a beam in a barn. It is said that she was temporarily insane.

A Mrs. Dermody, of Hamilton, was seized with a fit of coughing which continued some hours and resulted fatally.

Mrs. Thomas Hall, of Eramosa township, Ont., who had been afflicted with mental derangement for some months past, drowned herself in a cistern the other morning.

Rev. Dr. Griffin, of Guelph, Ont., has been appointed treasurer of the superannuation fund of the Methodist Church, in place of the late Rev. James Gray, subject to the endorsement of the General Conference.

The total shipment of cheese from Montreal to the United Kingdom for the past season was 1,632,628 boxes, being an increase over the shipments of 1891 of 299,958 boxes.

A Montreal newspaper states that in well-informed circles it is considered settled that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will get the Government contract for the fast Atlantic mail service, and that the line will probably be established next summer.

The principal of the Model school at Kingston has been advocating single sermons on Sunday, religious teaching of the children in the morning, and that the afternoon of the holy day be given up to recreation for those who feel inclined that way. Several members of the school board have taken objection to his views.

Two boys, Samuel Arcsott and Willie Kelloway, were playing with a gun at Killarney, Man., on Saturday. The former was looking down the barrel when the latter pulled the trigger, and the top of Arcsott's head was blown off.

The principal of Wesley College, Winnipeg, has received a letter in which the writer desires his name to be entered for a subscription of \$10,000 to the fund of the new college building, and promises another \$10,000 if bona fide subscription to the amount of \$50,000 are given.

Mr. Richard Hinder, an employee of the Grand Trunk Railway Company at Stratford, Ont., was found dead in his bed Tuesday morning, when his wife went to awaken him. On the previous night he appeared to be in his usual health.

Lord Kensington headed a deputation that waited upon Sir Charles Tupper to urge the advantages of Milford Haven over Liverpool as the terminal point in Great Britain for the proposed Canadian line of fast transatlantic steamers. Sir Charles Tupper said he would submit the matter to the Dominion Government.

BRITISH.

The Gladstone Cabinet has decided that Parliament shall meet on January 26th.

The Rev. Mr. McCree, the celebrated English temperance reformer, is dead.

Mr. William O'Brien denounces the eviction of tenants as a "sordid, wicked business."

It is rumoured that the British Indian Government intends establishing a State bank in India, with a large capital and a note circulation.

There has been a general resumption of the tin plate industry in Wales, resulting from extensive orders from the United States.

Mr. Knox, Nationalist M. P. for West Cavan, connects many of the Irish land troubles with the present unsettled state of the silver market.

The British Foreign Office has complained to the Italian Government regarding the recent attack by brigands on Mr. Gray, the British Vice-Consul at Marsala, Sicily.

Summonses have been issued in London, England, against the proprietor of a comic paper which makes a specialty of guessing competitions for money, for infringement of the lottery laws.

The English Church Missionary Society is anxious that the British East Africa Company shall remain in Uganda, and is trying to raise £40,000 yearly to subsidize the company.

The statement that Sir William Harcourt, owing to the failure of his eyesight and general debility, was about to resign, is emphatically denied.

There are rumours in English political circles that Mr. Gladstone's mantle may fall upon Lord Rosebery and not upon Sir William Harcourt, who has been generally regarded as the waiting man.

The British Government, it is said, are experiencing great difficulty in finding a suitable Commissioner for Uganda, over which it has been decided to establish a British protectorate.

Mr. John Morley has taken to Dublin a draft of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill for submission to the Irish leaders. It is understood that the measure provides for retaining the full strength of the Irish party in the Imperial Parliament.

The Rev. Charles Stirling, vicar of New Malden, England, resigned last week. In his letter of resignation he denounces the ritualism which is invading the Established Church. Having been for forty-one years a plain English clergyman, he declines to be any longer associated with Romish priests.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, the British First Commissioner of Public Works, has promised work for some of the London unemployed by the demolition of the Milbank prison, and the erection on the site of the building to contain the Tate collection of paintings.

Mr. Tooley, a London solicitor who is greatly interested in Mrs. Maybrick, serving a life sentence for poisoning her husband, has laid a review of the case before Home Secretary Asquith, alleging that the trial judge was biased. A special cable despatch to The Mail says Mrs. Maybrick's health is very poor.

UNITED STATES.

Detroit has had 12 murders during the past year.

Dr. Scott, father of the late Mrs. President Harrison, is dead.

Masked burglars are still operating in Chicago. Two saloons were robbed on Monday night.

At Enterprise, Ky., Carl Burnham killed his wife by cutting her throat with a razor, and then committed suicide by shooting.

A general strike on the "L" road in Chicago is threatened owing to the discharge of a number of employees.

Meyer Greenburg, 10 years old, died in a dentist's chair in New York while having a tooth pulled.

Zach Henry, the slayer of five men, has just died in Kansas City. In a fight with a man and his four sons in Kentucky he shot the whole five, firing only six times.

Ex-Secretary Blaine's condition is improving, and he is recovering from the illness of last week.

A case of cholera, which is pronounced to be of the genuine Asiatic type, is reported at Rangely, Me.

It is probable that the United States will purchase the Rensselaer library, which consists of some ten thousand volumes.

Seven State prisoners, confined in the Decatur gaol, Ga., made their escape on Friday, and a large reward is offered for their capture.

It is proposed to have a health congress in connection with the Chicago Fair next year, to which representative sanitarians from the whole world will be delegates.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's elegant summer residence at Newport, R.I., was destroyed by fire on Friday. Three hundred thousand dollars is the estimated loss.

According to statistics published by the Washington Census Department there are 980,941 Canadians in the United States, of which number 380,167 are in the New England States.

George Southard, a farmer living near Indianapolis, a member of a religious sect that believes that the exercise of sufficient faith will enable the members to perform miracles, in pursuance of his belief handled a rattlesnake, which stung him, and he died a raving maniac.

Miss Eva Frear, of Poughkeepsie, has commenced an action against the Central Hudson railway for damages on the ground that John Braggall, to whom she was engaged to be married, was killed in an accident due to the carelessness of the railway officials.

GENERAL.

Panama is celebrating the seventy-first anniversary of the independence of the isthmus.

A special cablegram from Rome says the Italian Government has decided to go into the tobacco raising industry in Sicily.

Emperor William is very angry about the interview supposed to have been given by Prince Bismarck to a French journalist about the Ems despatch.

M. De Rothschild's proposal before the Brussels Monetary Convention, to enhance the value of silver by the annual absorption of 30,000,000 ounces by a European syndicate, is meeting with general favor.

The Montreal correspondent of The Mail says the Future of Canada meeting on Monday night was largely an advertisement for Sohmer Park, and it would be ridiculous to attach any importance to the vote, which was carelessly taken.

Chancellor Caprivi is straining every nerve to ensure the passage of the Army bill and is seeking every possible means to conciliate the Centre, which controls ninety votes and will probably decide the fate of the measure.

Emperor William has warmly congratulated Count von Caprivi upon the success of his speech in the Reichstag.

The death is announced of Cardinal Laviege, who took such an active interest in the suppression of the African slave trade.

A band of 250 dervishes, presumably part of Osman Digna's force, attacked Fort Tamcayna, near Tookar, but were repulsed by the Egyptian troops garrisoning the fort.

It is intimated in Berlin that the Government will endeavour to purchase the support of the Centrist party for the Army bill by permitting the passage of a measure allowing the return to Germany of the Jesuits.

Prince Bismarck, in an interview, referring to the Ems despatch, said that he wanted a war in 1870 for the purpose of pulling into the fire and roasting the German provinces and that the first pretext served his purpose.

Arthur Corna, a Mexican merchant, through an Indian, has discovered a gold mine of fabulous wealth, which is supposed to be one of the ancient Aztec mines, from which they obtained such large gold supplies centuries ago.

C. Hilton Davidson, who is charged with forgery on the Bank of Hamilton, and who was discovered in Mexico by Detective Murray, refuses to return to Canada unless extradition papers are procured. The detective is awaiting instructions from the bank management.

Decline of Polygamy in Utah.

The Governor of Utah territory, in his report to the Government of the United States last year, expressed a belief that the law against polygamy was being obeyed by the Mormons. Twelve months' observation have not led him to change this opinion, which is repeated in the annual report lately received at Washington. The governor does not think that the Mormon leaders have sanctioned any polygamous marriages in the year under review, and he is convinced that the people themselves sincerely intend to prevent such marriages in future.

Lady Brooke's latest fad is a Shakespearian garden, in which there is to be planted every flower and shrub named by the great dramatist in his works. The first specimen was set out by the royal hands of the Prince of Wales.

HE FOUND A HAWK'S EGG.

And a Band of Apaches Found Him at the Same Time.

A bird's nesting adventure that came near ending in a tragedy is described by Capt. Bendire.

The Captain was riding along the banks of Rillito Creek, Arizona, one fine day in the year 1872, when he saw a big black hawk. He followed the bird, and a distance of about five miles from camp he found it perched on a dead limb of a tall cottonwood tree. On nearing the tree he discovered a bulky nest placed in a fork close to the main trunk and about 40 feet from the ground. The mate of the hawk which he had been following was sitting on the nest.

With the intention of robbery the Captain climbed up to the nest, in which he found a single pale-blue egg, the parent birds meanwhile circling around and manifesting their anger by shrill screams. He put the egg, which was as big as a hen's egg, into his mouth, and was about to descend when he caught sight from his elevated perch of several Apache Indians crouched in a little canyon about eighty yards distant. They were evidently watching him.

It was a case where the only chance of safety lay in presence of mind. Without exhibiting any signs of having made the alarming discovery, the Captain proceeded to descend in as leisurely a manner as possible, still retaining the egg in his mouth. If he had manifested symptoms of being in a hurry, the Indians would have perceived that they were spied and they would have been waiting for the egg-hunter at the foot of the tree before he could get down. In that case death by torture of fiendish ingenuity would doubtless have been his fate. As it was, he reached the ground in safety, mounted his horse, and started for camp.

In an instant the Apaches were after him, and they chased him nearly to the camp before abandoning the pursuit. He got there all right, however, with the egg in his mouth. It was unbroken. Owing to its large size the Captain had great difficulty in getting it out of his mouth without injuring it, but he finally succeeded; though, as he says, his jaw ached for some time afterwards. It is now included in the Smithsonian zoological collection.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

A smile may be bright while the heart is sad.

Erin has 1,000,000 more sheep than in 1889.

Chicago cattle yards employ 25,000 people.

Pennsylvania woolen mills employ 50,000 hands.

China has twenty times as much coal as all Europe.

One-half of the wealth of England is in possession of 1,000 individuals.

About 100 iron mines are at present in operation in the Lake Superior districts.

One-fourth of the land surface of the globe is occupied by English-speaking people.

Pennsylvania makes fifty-two out of every 100 tons of rolled iron in the United States, and sixty out of every 100 tons of steel rails.

A giant sewing machine has lately been finished at Leeds, England. The machine, which is to be used for attaching cotton belting, is said to weigh 6½ tons.

In 1840 the per capita product of manufacturing operatives was \$26, in 1860 it was \$44, in 1870 it was \$60, in 1890 it was \$140 per head in the United States.

Another horror has been added to London fogs. It has been found that by means of a strong light and a peculiar lens the heavens can be filled with advertisements.

In 1871 we produced 34,152 tons of steel rails; in 1890, 1,871,336 tons. Our imports of rails were 531,537 tons in 1871; in 1890 only 134 tons. In the latter year we exported 15,881 tons of rails.

The Empress of Austria is reputed to be the best royal housekeeper in Europe. Everything in the Austrian palace is under her own personal care. She orders cooks, butlers, and laundry maids, and is constantly inventing something new in cookery.

Volcanic ashes often travel a long distance. A remarkable shower of volcanic ashes has occurred recently in several parts of Finland. The ground in some places has been covered to the depth of nearly an inch. The phenomenon is attributed to volcanic eruptions in Iceland, hundreds of miles away.

It may be of interest to the supporters of the early closing movement to know that according to a little pamphlet issued for the guidance of commercial travelers, 632 towns in the United Kingdom recognize the early closing movement in some form or another. There is no early closing day in Liverpool. In Manchester they close on Wednesdays at 2. Glasgow is marked as a town where they close daily at 8.

Sir Andrew Clark has often been heard to say that Mrs. Gladstone is as much entitled to the name of the Grand Old Woman as her evergreen husband is to that of the Grand Old Man. On January 12 last Mrs. Gladstone's eightieth birthday came round and she passed the morning in writing letters to her friends in England; a task she accomplished without wearing glasses of any kind as aids to her sight. In fact she has never yet known what it is to need spectacles, and yet her eyes are as bright as those of a young woman. Every morning passed by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at Hawarden sees them both at church, nearly three-quarters of a mile away from the castle.

Sir G. Trevelyan, Mr. Gladstone's new Secretary for Scotland, made a statement at a recent banquet in Glasgow which is interestingly corroborative from the conservative English point of view of an important fact. "The great fact of this generation," he said, "is the extraordinary power which journalism has over every province of human life. Politics fell an easy and early prey, but now journalism is dominant in the fields of science, of literature, of art, of commerce, of society. We may like it or we may not, but it is certain that men of energy and power are now more and more beginning to write for newspapers and ceasing to write books; and if we want to know what the world is—the life the world leads—we may read books, but we must read newspapers."

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES UNDER GROUND.

Death in a Mountain Maelstrom—The Body Found After a Long Subterranean Journey—A Rider Haggard Episode.

One of the most remarkable subterranean waterways in the world was recently discovered in the northern ranges of the Rocky Mountains in Montana. An accident, which proved fatal to a human life, was the agency by which the discovery was made.

Two prospectors, named respectively Phil Barnes and Pierre Leger, a Flathead Indian guide named Klikat and myself left Bonner's Ferry on Aug. 7, and struck out in a northeasterly direction, headed for the peaks and canons in the extreme northern range of the main divide of the Rockies. The purpose of my two white companions was to prospect for valuable minerals in a section of country which few, if any, white men have ever entered before. My own object was to seek diversion.

After whipping, pulling, and pushing our pack mules through the almost boundless wilderness of undergrowth, timber, gloomy canons, craggy peaks, and drifts of snow, we found ourselves on the 28th day of August—according to the observations taken by me—within twenty-five or thirty miles of the Canadian line and at an altitude of 7,500 feet. The nights were extremely cold, and the peaks that towered above our heads to the eastward were

COVERED WITH SNOW, while the days were unpleasantly, almost scorchingly hot, between 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

It was noon of the day mentioned above. We had come to a standstill, unable to advance, owing to great perpendicular cliffs in front of us and to the right. On our left was a craggy precipice about eighty feet high, overhanging a roaring mountain stream and extending fully two miles to the south. Beyond the torrent and its rocky bed was a still higher precipice. We could hear the noisy stream as it ran frantically down the steep from the melting snow on the distant peaks. But we heard still more than the swash of the running stream. As we stood there looking vainly around for some opening by which we might advance, there came to our ears a deep, roaring sound, alternating in force, stronger and weaker at intervals of a few seconds. It came in jarring sounds, with a volume like thunder. For some minutes we listened in silence. Then suddenly Klikat spoke:

"Me know what him is," he said, with a pleased air of comprehension. "Him is 'Big-Hole-in-the-Water.' Him heap water run to hell and put out devil's camp fire." "Big hole in the water," I echoed. "What do you mean by that, Klikat?" "You come look," he said, advancing to the edge of the precipice and throwing himself flat on the rock with his head and shoulders hanging over. "Ugh!" he exclaimed. "Big-Hole-in-the-Water heap mad to-day. Him funny. Water go in ground; never come out."

Following Klikat's example, I cautiously approached the edge of the projecting rock, threw myself on the ground, face downward, and peered down from the dizzy height. Barnes and Leger did likewise.

It was a curious and awe-inspiring sight that we beheld. Straight down below us there was a deep pool or lake, about a quarter of an acre in area and enclosed on three sides by high walls of eternal rock, thus forming a perpetual and insurmountable barrier to the passage of the water beyond this spot. The noisy mountain stream poured great volumes of sparkling water into this natural basin, and then lost itself. The water in the pool swung rapidly around as on a pivot, and constantly drifted in a steadily accelerated tidal current toward the centre. And here was the most startling feature of this wonderful stream.

In the very centre of the deep water was a large circular cavity, or depression, funnel shaped—a great "suck hole" in fact—fully eight feet across at the surface, the water spinning round and round, rushing downward with lightning speed. A tremendous force of gravity was at work in that awful pit of darkness. In the centre of this funnel was a great mass of snow-white foam, dancing and whirling and scattering flakes of itself around the dark blue rim of the vortex. At intervals of fifteen or twenty seconds there would be a greater

DOWNWARD RUSH OF WATER, the pillar of foam would disappear with the increased speed of the current; then the roar would increase in volume, another pillar of foam would form, only to disappear a few moments later as the previous one had done. It was a grand, a terrible sight.

I glanced at my two friends, who, like myself were electrified by this freak of nature.

"If I could find a ledge of quartz with color it in anywhere near by," observed Mr. Barnes. "I would erect a stamp mill right here and drop a horizontal wheel into that boiling suck-hole. Great Scott! but wouldn't it spin, though!"

I rather thought it would, but at that moment my attention was suddenly and shockingly attracted to Klikat, who had been lying about eight feet away on my left. There was a low, crumbling sound, and then a mass of shelving rock right under Klikat broke loose and fell with a fearful crash into the edge of the whirling pool. I started to my feet just as I saw the Indian making frantic efforts to cling to the edge of the cliff. But his hold was too slight and the rock crumbled under his grasp. Without uttering word or sound of any kind Klikat fell headlong into the mad water.

After a few seconds he came to the surface. Barnes rushed to one of the pack mules for a rope, but it was too late. Three, four, five times did Klikat swing around in a spiral course that gradually drew nearer the centre of the great funnel, at the same time making frantic efforts to swim out of it. But it was labor lost. With a movement that looked like a sudden twist he shot into the very centre of the vortex. For one brief moment he spun round like a top, and then—down he went with the pillar of foam, out of sight into the bowels of the earth and the darkness of death.

For some seconds it seemed as if the great ravenous funnel had been satiated. The cavity filled with water and was silent. But it was short satiety. It quickly opened its dark and unfathomable depths again as wide as before and gave out a roaring snore that made the very mountains tremble.

Cautiously we three withdrew from the edge of the precipice. It certainly was not a safe place to linger.

"Well," remarked Leger with a sigh—

for he had been rather fond of the Indian—"that's the last we'll ever see of poor Klikat."

We immediately retraced our steps a distance of about five miles, and on reaching a lower altitude discovered some very good passes leading to the northwest. We had decided to abandon the main divide and proceed direct to the Kootenai country and Kootenai Lake in British Columbia. After many hardships and much roughing it through a wilderness hitherto almost unknown to civilized men we at last reached the south shore of Lake Kootenai. Two of my pack mules and my pony had died on the journey, leaving us only one beast of burden, the Indian's cayuse, which I bestrode after Klikat's death, and the two horses ridden by Barnes and Leger.

We found no human habitation near the lake at the point where we struck its shores other than the burrow of an Indian—doubtless a fugitive from justice. This aborigine owned a large and very rudely constructed canoe, and as it was our desire

TO CROSS OVER

to the west shore of the lake, where some rich placer ground had been reported, we rented the Indian's craft, owner and all and after securing our horses and the mule in a retired spot with fairly good grass, we started across the lake.

Just before sundown we anchored on the west shore and pulled the canoe out of the water. A strong breeze was drawing down over the water from the northeast—a very unusual thing, by the way. We at once began preparations for a camp fire, and it was while in the act of gathering dry driftwood along the shore that Leger discovered a ghastly object lying in the water within six feet of land.

It was the corpse of a man—an Indian.

Leger at once called us to him, and together we dragged the body ashore. The face of the dead was badly bruised and torn and utterly disfigured. The body was very much bloated, too, and all we could see for a certainty was that the corpse was the remains of an Indian.

"Hold on!" suddenly exclaimed Barnes, as he bent over the dead body and cut something from the neck—a piece of ragged cloth. "By—!" he cried, as he raised himself erect and held up the article mentioned. "This is the remnant of my silk handkerchief, which I gave to poor Klikat to cover the gash he cut on his neck by that dead limb one day—do you remember? And see! Right here in this corner is my monogram—'P. B.'—in silk."

It was so. We all recognized the silken rag, and we all knew that the corpse before us was the dead body of Klikat, who had fallen into the funnel of that awful subterranean river, fully 250 miles away, far up in the Rockies of northern Montana. And yet here was his corpse, drifted ashore on this lake, between which and the "big-hole-in-the-water" there is not the slightest connection, so far as mortal eyes can see. How came he to Lake Kootenai, and how long had he been there?

We buried poor Klikat on a bit of rising ground about fifty yards from the lake shore, and Phil Barnes assisted in digging and filling in the grave.

DYING CHILDREN INSURED.

Startling Developments Made by Denver's Humane Society.

A Denver, Colo., despatch says:—Some startling revelations are likely to be brought to light as a result of a quarrel between Secretary Thompson, of the Colorado Humane Society, and the insurance agents of this city. The exposure of the graveyard insurances of Pennsylvania is still alive in the minds of most persons residing in this city, but they will be horrified to learn that it is highly probable practices similar, and even worse, exist in Denver. Secretary Thompson avers from cases that have come to his knowledge that a most fiendish practice is carried on here by certain insurance agents. According to the information he has collected, these agents must watch with ghouliah delight for a death in a poverty-stricken family. While the wretched parents are bemoaning the loss of one of their children in walks the heartless insurance man, and, pointing to the still warm corpse, has the hardihood and impudence to suggest how much better off they would have been had the child been insured, and ends by urging the insurance of the living offspring.

Secretary Thompson asserted to-day that he has known of more than one case where the parents neglected a sick child that was insured in order that they might secure the insurance money when it died. "Ten" cents a week is only a small amount to pay, but \$75 or \$100 is a large sum to a poverty-stricken household, and many wicked deeds have been committed for less than that, said Mr. Thompson; "I had a case," he continued, "where a woman adopted a consimptive child that could not possibly live and had it immediately insured. Such cases are, unfortunately, by no means rare. The insurance companies are crazy to insure, and, except in certain cases, they are ready to accept the statements of parents or guardians and make no medical examinations at all. The facility with which insurance is thus secured, acts as an inducement to heartless parents to rid themselves of their children for the purpose of securing money."

Secretary Thompson is still collecting facts in regard to this awful practice, and says that he will create a sensation soon by bringing charges against certain insurance companies and a number of persons whose children have died under suspicious circumstances.

A Son of the Regiment.

A crack regiment of French cavalry—the 13th Chasseurs—has just adopted a little boy, 12 years of age, under very interesting circumstances. During the manoeuvres which took place in the summer the corps on its departure from a small village was followed by the lad, who refused to leave it, and made himself useful on many occasions to the officers and men. Afterwards he accompanied the two squadrons which were sent to Carmaux, returning to Beziers with them when the services on the scene of the strike were no longer required. Colonel Branche, who commands the 13th Chasseurs, made inquiries about the boy, and learning that he was an orphan, he had him adopted by the whole regiment.

The amount of colouring matter in a pound of coal is enormous. It will yield enough magenta to colour 500 yards of flannel, vermilion for 2,500 yards, uranine for 120 yards and alizarine sufficient for 155 yards of turkey red cloth.

MINDEN ECHO

2 1/2 | 1892

MINDEN ECHO

2 1/2 | 1892

994.90

A CALGARY MIRACLE.

The Most Wonderful Case Ever Recorded in the Northwest.

Miss Lela Cullen is Rescued from What Her Physicians and Friends Thought to be Her Deathbed.

Winnipeg Tribune.

CALGARY, N.W.T., Oct. 20, 1892.—For some time past the residents of this town have been deeply interested in the case of Miss Lela Cullen, a young lady, who had so nearly approached the portals of the great unknown, that her friends despaired of her recovery, and who has now fully, indeed almost miraculously, regained her health and strength. Having read on various occasions in the Tribune the particulars of what appeared to be miraculous cures, your correspondent determined to investigate the case of Miss Cullen, and now sends you the particulars fully believing that you will be justified in giving them the widest publication.

When your correspondent visited the residence of Mrs. Cullen, the mother of the young lady, he was courteously received, and in reply to his enquiries as to whether she would be willing to give the facts of her daughter's wonderful recovery, for publication for the benefit of other sufferers, Mrs. Cullen readily assented. "My daughter's first illness," said Mrs. Cullen, "was in June 1890, when she was taken with the measles. At that time she was seventeen years of age, tall, fine looking, and exceedingly healthy, weighing 140 pounds. All the family took the measles, and all got over them without trouble, except Lela. Her case from the first baffled all the ordinary remedies used for that disease, and as the measles did not come out, a physician was called in. He administered remedies, but with no better results, and her case seemed to baffle the physician's skill. After a few weeks my daughter began to improve somewhat, but she did not regain her former strength, and six weeks after she was first taken ill, her face, neck and limbs broke out in blotches. The doctor was again called in, and said it was the measles getting out of her system, and that she would soon be all right again. The doctor's statement was not verified, however, for not only did my daughter not improve, but she gradually grew worse. Soon after she began to swell, first the feet, then the limbs, breast and face became puffed up. Another doctor was called in and he pronounced her trouble dropsy, resulting from the measles. The doctor attended her all winter, and although he seemed to do all in his power for her, she gradually became weaker and weaker. She did not eat, and tonics failed to improve her appetite, and as she gradually grew weaker she lost her courage, felt that hope of life was fast slipping away. In the spring, the doctor's medicine having done her no good, was discontinued, and instead he gave her preparations of beef, iron and wine, hypophosphites, eggs, cream, etc. In fact, stimulants of this kind had to be constantly forced upon her to keep her alive and I gave up all hope of her recovery, and in my misery waited for her death. She was now so weak that she could not walk across the floor, and in order to rest her we would lift her into a chair where she would sit for a short while when we would again place her in bed. She was slowly but surely dying before our eyes."

"I could do for her was of avail. She was still puffed up, and nothing the doctors could do would reduce the swelling. Her limbs would no longer support her and she could only sit up a very short time each day. In this condition she lingered on until August, 1891, some fifteen months after she was first taken ill, and while we were sorrowfully awaiting what seemed the inevitable end, a ray of hope came. I read in a newspaper of a remarkable cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and while I feared that I had heard of this wonderful medicine too late, I hoped almost against hope and sent to the headquarters of the company, at Brockville, Ont., for a supply. At this time, Lela was not able to be removed from bed; her weight was reduced to 90 pounds, and her lips were blue. You will thus see how little hope there appeared for her when she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After she had taken the first box, although there was no visible improvement, she thought they were doing her good, and her spirits began to rise. At the end of the second box I could notice the improvement, and Lela was very hopeful, and felt life was returning to her again. After she had been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a month, she was able to get up, and by October she was so well that she could superintend work about the house. She still continued taking the Pills, and rapidly recovered all her old time health, strength and spirits. I cannot tell you," continued Mrs. Cullen, "how deeply grateful I am for the wonderful medicine that saved my daughter's life. You may be sure that both me and mine will always warmly recommend it, as we have every reason to do."

WHAT A PROMINENT DRUGGIST SAYS.

Your correspondent then called upon Mr. J. G. Tompkins, the well-known druggist on Stephen Avenue. In reply to an enquiry as to what he could tell me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mr. Tompkins replied: "What can I tell you about Pink Pills? Well I can tell you, they are the most wonderful medicine I ever handled, I had experience with them in Ontario before coming out here, and in all my experience as a druggist, I never knew any medicine have such a wonderful demand, or give such great satisfaction. My experience here has been like my experience in Ontario, all who have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speak in their praise, and if I were to tell you how many boxes I am selling here daily, you would be readily excused for being somewhat incredulous. If I am asked to recommend a medicine, I unhesitatingly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and my confidence in them has never been misplaced. I have already said the demand for Pink Pills is astonishing, and they invariably give the best satisfaction. I know this to be so from the statements of customers. I have sold here and in Ontario, thousands of boxes, and have no hesitation in recommending them as a perfect blood purifier and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after-effects of a gripe, diseases depending on impurities in the blood, such as

scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills gives a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature."

HOW GOLD WAS FOUND IN A GRAVE.

Discovery Made by Men Who Were Mining an Unfortunate Prospector.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848 and in Colorado in 1858. The discovery was accidental in both cases, and the fact created the impression that mines were "lying around loose." Adventurers drifted about in hope of "stumbling upon a mine." Mr. Thayer, in his "Marvels of the New West," mentions several instances of lucky "stumbling." Three men, while looking for gold in California, discovered the dead body of a man, who evidently had been "prospecting." "Poor fellow!" said one of the trio. "He has passed in his checks!" "Let's give him a decent burial," said another. "Some wife or mother will be glad if she knows it." They began to dig a grave. Three feet below the surface they discovered signs of gold. The stranger was buried in another place, and where they had located a grave they opened a gold mine.

An adventurer who had drifted into Leadville awoke one morning without food or money. He went out and shot a deer, which, in its dying agonies, kicked up the dirt and disclosed signs of gold. The poor man staked out a "claim" and opened one of the most profitable mines ever worked in Leadville.

"Dead Man Claim," the name given to another rich mine in Leadville, was discovered by a broken-down miner while digging a grave.

A miner died when there were several feet of snow on the ground. His comrades laid his body in a snow bank and hired a man for \$20 to dig a grave. The gravedigger, after three days' absence, was found digging a mine instead of a grave. While excavating he had struck gold. Forgetting the corpse and his bargain he thought only of the fact that he had "struck it rich."

But these "stumbling" are exceptions to the rule that mines are found by painstaking, intelligent prospectors. They spend wearisome months in exploring mountains and gulches. They are mineralogists, geologists, and, above all, practical explorers, who can tell from a "twist" in the grain of the rock or from the color of a spar seam whether "paying gold" can be mined in the region.

The French Executioner in Difficulties.

—The "Execution of High Works," as the French call the man who presides over the guillotine, is having a bad time of it in consequence of the Anarchist threats. M. Deibler resides in the Rue Vieu d'Azir, but he is looking out for apartments elsewhere, as his fellow-lodgers have threatened their landlord that they will leave. Several eligible places to let have been visited by M. Deibler lately, but the mention of his name has generally been sufficient to ensure his being shown the door. At length he found some apartments to suit him in the Rue Michel-Cizot, at a rental of about \$30 sterling per annum. He was referred to M. Clement, who inherited the house jointly with some brothers, and who, as the rooms had remained unlet for a long time, was delighted to be able to announce to his co-heirs that a tenant who was prepared to pay a good sum had at last been found. The name of Deibler conveyed nothing to him, for, he says, he never reads the newspapers. The case was signed, but on its being shown to the brothers the truth was suspected. M. Clement called on M. Deibler. "Are you the executioner?" he asked him. "Yes," said the other, in a surly tone of voice. "Then you cannot have the rooms," was the rejoinder. But the lease was signed and M. Deibler was not to be trifled with. Successive offers of 500 and 1000 francs compensation for breach of contract failed to move him, and there at present the matter stands. The comelier, meanwhile, is troubled about a gratuity of 20 francs, which M. Deibler gave her as a "donner a Dieu" (a customary gift by an incoming tenant to the hall-keeper), as she declares she does not like to take out a post-office order payable to the "red man."

Handwriting of St. Peter.

A papyrus manuscript found in the den of an old hermit in a cave near Jerusalem in the year 1880 and which experts have all along believed to have been the handwriting of St. Peter, "the friend of Christ," was submitted to a committee of the Biblical Society of London in 1890. They have arrived at the conclusion that the work is in reality exactly what it purports to be, the last literary work of the great Apostle. I have been unable to ascertain exactly who has charge of the relic, but it is said that a "society of British literary volunteers" have offered £20,000 for the document.

A Hard Corner.

The age of thirty is a hard corner for a woman to turn, and 35 is still harder. She feels that she is fast leaving her youth behind her. But there is no reason why a woman should be faded and pass at 35, or even at 45. The chief cause of the early fading of American women is found in the fact that many of them suffer from some form of female weakness or disease which robs the face of its bloom, draws dark circles about the eyes, brings early wrinkles and sallowness, and stamps the face and figure with signs of ill-health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure all these troubles, will bring back the lost bloom, and remove the pains and ailments which make women grow old before their time. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or price (\$1.00) refunded.

The Diary of the First White Man Who Entered the Transvaal.

Mr. J. de Villiers Roos, of Land en Volk, has just completed for the society Jong Zuid Afrika a work of incalculable importance to the South African Republic, and, in fact, to the whole of South Africa. He has copied for the society the diary of the first white man who entered the Transvaal. The story of the Trichardt march from the Cape Colony through Zoutpansberg to Delagoa Bay is contained in this diary, which is the handwriting of Louis Trichardt, grandfather of the Commandant of Middelburg. The trek consisted originally of two clans, the Trichardts and the Rensburgs, but they quarrelled in the North, and the Rensburgs trekked through to the Limpopo, and they were never seen again. It was subsequently ascertained that the whole clan had been massacred by a Matabele impi.

The Trichardts heard this in Zoutpansberg as a rumor among the Kaffirs, and they also heard that the Matabele were recruiting a special impi for them. Old Trichardt then decided upon the bold enterprise of marching to Delagoa Bay across a country which no white man had traversed yet. Then commenced the tragedies, the romances, and the nameless horrors of the Trichardt diary. No novel that has ever been written appeals so potently to the heart as the simple words of the grand old hero of South African pioneering. The record of the march to Delagoa Bay is a record full of tears illumined scarcely by one brighter ray. There are passages in this journal which South African history cannot afford to lose. At Delagoa Bay the whole trek died of fever, one by one, and the old man—whose monument should stand on Church Square to-day—wrote the last page of his awful story the day before he, too, succumbed to the disease.

Few more touching passages will be found in any history than the description of their arrival in Delagoa Bay. They reached there at the very last gasp, so to speak. Their cattle had all been killed by the tsetse. Worn out and famished, with nothing but animal skin to cover themselves, they reached the Rio Spirito Sancto with death staring them in the face from its pestilential banks. Almost the first thing they beheld was a boat upon the river, and then they met the first white man they had come across during their long pilgrimage. He was a Portuguese soldier of the garrison, and with him they travelled down the river to the fort—to die. The book belongs to the Trichardt family, and was kindly lent to Young South Africa through the good offices of Commandant Trichardt of Middelburg. It is written in pale ink and apparently with all manner of instruments serving for pens, and is strongly bound in tanned oxhide. The binding is the handiwork of the Father of Voortrekkers himself. The watermark on the paper is 1830, and the diary was commenced in Zoutpansberg in 1835.

Mr. Roos has spared no pains to make a perfect copy. The grand old pioneer wrote a firm, clear hand, but through age and the bad ink used the writing is occasionally hardly legible. By means of the two mirrors, however, Mr. Roos succeeded in deciphering every word, and he will, therefore, present to the society a perfect copy of the first diary—the first thing, in fact—ever written by a white man in the Transvaal. It will be proposed in the society that the government should approach with a view to the publication of the book at State cost.

Commendable.

All claims not consistent with the high character of Syrup of Figs are purposely avoided by the Cal. Fig Syrup Company. It acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, but it is not a cure-all and makes no pretensions that every bottle will not substantiate.

A novelty in architecture is proposed in Chicago, Ill., in the shape of a building to be constructed, so far as the exterior is concerned, entirely of aluminium and glass.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

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GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists.

We are only human in so far as we are sensitive.

A.P. 630.

A Veteran's Story



Mr. Joseph Hemmerich.

Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get worse, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

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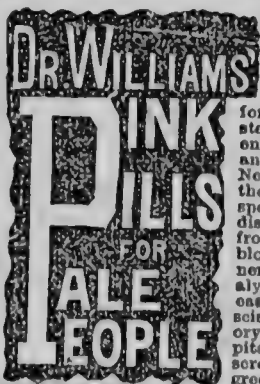
as a general blood purifier and tonic medicine, especially to his comrades in the U. S. A.

Hood's PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

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IF SO, USE DR. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. It cures CATARRH in the HEAD, THROAT AND NOSE, GOLD IN THE HEAD, HAY FEVER, INFLAMED PALATE AND TONSILS, restores the sense of smell, and drives away the DULL HEADACHE experienced by all who have CATARRH. One bottle will work wonders. Price 50c. at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing

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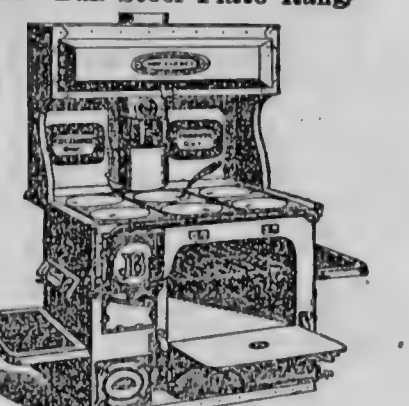
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SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER II.

"Be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils."
—MILTON.

Through the open windows the merry-making sun is again dancing, its bright rays making still more dazzling the glory of the snowy table-cloth. The great silver urn is hissing and fighting with all around, as though warning his mistress to use him, as he is not one to be trifled with; while at the lower end of the table, exactly opposite Sir Guy's plate, lies the post upon a high salver, ready to the master's hand, as has been the custom at Chetwoode for generations.

Evidently the family is late for breakfast. As a rule the Chetwoode family always is late for breakfast,—just sufficiently so to make them certain everything will be quite ready by the time they get down.

Ten o'clock rings out mysteriously from the handsome marble clock upon the chimney-piece, and precisely three minutes afterwards the door is thrown open to admit an elderly lady, tall and fair, and still beautiful.

She walks with a slow, rather stately step, and in spite of her years carries her head high. Upon this head rests the daintiest of morning caps, all white and delicate ribbon-bows, that match in color her trailing gown. Her hands, small and tapering, are covered with rings; otherwise she wears no adornment of any kind. There is a benignity about her that goes straight to all hearts. Children adore her, dogs fawn upon her, young men bring to her all their troubles,—the evil behavior of their tailors and their mistresses are alike laid before her.

Now, finding the room empty, and knowing it to be four minutes after ten, she says to herself, "The first!" with a little surprise and much pardonable pride, and seats herself with something of an air before the militant urn. When we are old it is so sweet to us to be younger than the young, when we are young it is so sweet to us to be just vice versa. Oh, foolish youth!

An elderly butler, who has evidently seen services (in every sense of the word), and who is actually steeped in respectability up to his port-wine nose, hovers around the breakfast, adjusting this dish affectionately, and straightening that, until all is carefully away, when he leaves the room with a sigh of satisfaction.

Perhaps Lady Chetwoode's self-admiration would have grown beyond bounds, but that just at this instance voices in the hall distract her thoughts. The sounds make her face brighten and bring a smile to her lips. "The boys" are coming. She draws the teacups a little nearer to her and makes a gentle fuss over the spoons. A light laugh echoes through the hall; it is answered, and then the door once more opens, and her two sons enter, Cyril, being the youngest, naturally comes first.

On seeing his mother he is pleased to make a gesture indicative of the most exaggerated surprise.

"Now, who could have anticipated it?" he says. "Her gracious majesty already here!" "Her faithful subjects!" "Well," with a sudden change of tone, "for my part I call it downright shabby of people to scramble downstairs before other people merely for the sake of putting them to the blush."

"Lazy boy! no wonder you are ashamed of yourself when you look at the clock," says Lady Chetwoode, smiling fondly as she returns his greeting.

"Ashamed! Pray do not misunderstand me. I have arrived at my twenty-sixth year without ever having mastered the meaning of the word. I flatter myself I am a degree beyond that."

"Last night's headache quite gone, mother?" asks Sir Guy, bending over her chair to kiss her: an act he performs tenderly, and as though the doing of it is sweet to him.

"Quite, my dear," replies she; and there is perhaps the faintest, the very faintest, accession of warmth in her tone, an almost imperceptible increase of kindness in her smile as she speaks to her eldest son.

"That's right," says he, patting her gently on the shoulder; after which he goes over to his own seat and takes up the letters lying before him.

"Positively I never thought of the post," says Lady Chetwoode. "And here I have been for quite five minutes with nothing to do. I might as well have been digesting my correspondence, if there is any for me." "One letter for you; five, as usual, for Cyril; one for me," says Guy. "All Cyril's." Examining them critically at arm's length. "Written evidently by very young women."

"Yes, they will write to me," returns Cyril, receiving them with a sigh, and regarding them in turn with careful scrutiny. "It is nothing short of disgusting," he says, presently, singling out one of the letters with his first finger. "This is the fourth she has written to me this week, and as yet it is only Friday. I won't be able to bear it much longer; I shall certainly make a stand one of these days."

"I would if I were you," says Guy, laughing.

"I have just heard from Lillian Chesney," suddenly says Lady Chetwoode, speaking as though a bombshell had fallen in their midst. "And she is really coming here next week!"

"No!" says Guy, without meaning contradiction, which at the moment is far from him.

"Yes," replies his mother, somewhat faintly.

"Another?" murmurs Cyril, weakly—he being the only one of the three who finds any amusement in the situation. "Well, at all events, she can't write to me, as we shall be under the same roof; and I shall dismiss the very first servant who brings me a billet-doux. How pleased you do look, Guy! And no wonder,—a whole live ward, and all to yourself. Lucky you!"

"It is hard on you, mother," says Guy, "but it can't be helped. When I promised I made sure her father would have lived for years to come."

"You did what was quite right," says Lady Chetwoode, who, if Guy were to commit a felony, would instantly say it was the only proper course to be pursued. "And it might have been much worse. Her mother's daughter cannot fail to be a lady in the best sense of the word."

"I am sure I hope she won't then," says Cyril, who all this time has been carefully laying in an uncommonly good breakfast. "If there is one thing I hate, it's a young lady. Give me a girl."

"But my dear, what an extraordinary speech! Surely a girl may be a young lady."

"Yes, but unfortunately a young lady isn't always a girl. My experience of the former class is, that, no matter what their age, they are as old as the hills, and know considerably more than they ought to know."

And just as we had got rid of one ward so successfully we must needs get another," says Lady Chetwoode, with a plaintive sigh. "Dear Mabel! she was certainly very sweet, and I was excessively fond of her, but I do hope this newcomer will not be so troublesome."

"I hope she will be as pleasant to talk to and as good to look at," says Cyril. "I confess I missed Mabel awfully. I never felt so down in my life as when she declared her intention of marrying Tom Steyne."

"I never dreamed the marriage would have turned out so well," says Lady Chetwoode, in a pensive tone. "She was such an—unreasonable girl. But it is wonderful how well she gets on with a husband."

"Flirts always make the best wives. You forget that mother."

"And what a coquette she was! If Lillian Chesney resembles her, I don't know what I shall do. I am getting too old to take care of pretty girls."

"Perhaps Miss Chesney is ugly," says Cyril, with a strong shudder. "Let her be anything but that. I can't bear ugly women. No, her mother was lovely. I used to think—relapsing again into the plaintive style—that one ward in a lifetime would be sufficient, and now we are going to have another."

"It is all Guy's fault," says Cyril. "He does get himself up so like the moral Pecksniff. There is a stern and dignified air about him would deceive a Machiavelli, and takes the hearts of parents by storm. Poor Mr. Chesney, who never even saw him, took him on hearsay as his only child's guardian. This solitary fact shows how grossly he has been taken in society in general. He is every bit as immoral as the rest of us, only—"

"Immoral! My dear Cyril—" interrupts Lady Chetwoode, severely.

"Well, let us say frivolous. It has just the same meaning nowadays, and sounds nicer. But he looks a 'grave and reverend,' if ever there was one. Indeed, his whole appearance is enough to make any passer-by stop short and say, 'There goes a good young man.'"

"I'm sure I hope not," says Guy, half-offended, wholly disgusted. "I should be inclined to shoot any one who told me I was a 'good young man.' I have no desire to pose as such: my ambition does not lie that way."

"I don't believe you know what you are saying, either of you," says Lady Chetwoode, who, though accustomed to them, can never entirely help showing surprise at their sentiments and expressions every now and then. "I should be sorry to think everybody did not know you to be (as I do) good as gold."

"Thank you, Madre. One compliment from you is worth a dozen from any one else," says Cyril. "Any news, Guy? You seem absorbed. I cannot tell you how I admire any one who takes an undisguised interest in his correspondence. Now I'm gazing at his five unopened letters—" cannot get up the feeling to save my life. Guy, reproachfully,—"don't you see your mother is dying of curiosity?"

"The letter is from Trant," says Guy, looking up from the closely-written sheet before him. "He wants to know if we will take a tenant for 'The Cottage.' A lady"—reading from the letter—"who has suffered much, and who wishes for quietness and retirement from the world."

"I should recommend a convent under the circumstances," says Cyril. "It would be the very thing for her. I don't see why she should come down here to suffer, and put us all in the dumps, and fill our woods with her sighs and moans."

"Is she young?" asks Lady Chetwoode, anxiously.

"No,—I don't know, I'm sure. I should think not, by Trant's way of mentioning her. 'An old friend' he says,—though, of course, that might mean anything."

"Married?"

"Yes. A widow."

"Dear me!" says Lady Chetwoode distastefully. "A most objectionable class of people. Always in the way, and—very designing, and that."

"If she is anything under forty she will want to marry Guy directly," Cyril put in, with an air of conviction. "If I were you, Guy, I should pause and consider before I introduced such a dangerous ingredient so near home. Just fancy, mother, seeing Guy married to a woman probably older than you!"

"Yes,—I shouldn't wonder," says Lady Chetwoode, nervously. "My dear child, do nothing in a hurry. Tell Colonel Trant you—do not care about letting 'The Cottage' just at present."

"Nonsense, mother! How can you be so absurd? Don't you think I may be considered proof against designing widows at twenty-nine? Never mind Cyril's talk. I dare say he is afraid for himself. Indeed, the one thing that makes me hesitate about obliging Trant is the knowledge of how utterly incapable my poor brother is of taking care of himself."

"It is only too true," says Cyril, resignedly. "I feel sure if the widow is flouted by you she will revenge herself by marrying me. Guy, as you are strong, be merciful."

"After all, the poor creature may be quite old, and we are frightening ourselves unnecessarily," says Lady Chetwoode, in all sincerity.

At this both Guy and Cyril laugh in spite of themselves.

"Are you really afraid, mother?" asks Cyril, fondly. "What a goose you are about your 'boys'! Are we always to be children in your eyes? Not that I wonder at your horror of widows. Even the immortal Weller shared your sentiments, and warned his 'Samivel' against them. Never mind, mother; console yourself. I for one swear by all that is lovely never to seek this particular 'wilder' in marriage."

False oath!

"You see, he seems to take it so much for granted, my giving 'The Cottage' and that, I hardly like to refuse."

"It would not be of the least consequence, if it was not situated actually in our own woods, and not two miles from the house. There lies the chief objection," says Lady Chetwoode.

"Yes. Yet what can I do? It is a pretty little place, and it seems a pity to let it sink into decay. This tenant may save it."

"It is a lovely spot. I often fancy, Guy," says his mother, somewhat sadly, "I should like to go and live there myself when you get a wife."

"Why should you say that?" says Guy, almost roughly. "If my taking a wife necessitates your quitting Chetwoode, I shall never burden myself with that luxury."

"You don't follow out the Mater's argument, dear boy," says Cyril, smoothly. "She means that when your sylvan widow claims you as her own she must leave, as of course the same roof could not cover both. But you are eating nothing, mother; Guy's foolish letter has taken away your appetite. Take some of this broiled ham!"

"No, thank you, dear, I don't care for—"

"Don't prepare yourself. You know you have had a positive passion for broiled ham from your cradle up. I remember all about it. I insist on your eating your breakfast, for you will have that beastly headache back again."

"My dear," says his mother, entreatingly, "do you think you could be silent for a few minutes while I discuss this subject with your brother?"

"I shan't speak again. After that severe snubbing consider me dumb. But do get it over quick," says Cyril. "I can't be a mute forever."

"I suppose I had better say yes," says Guy, doubtfully. "It looks rather like the dog in the manger, having 'The Cottage' idle and still refusing Trant's friend."

"That reminds me of a capital story," breaks in the irrepressible Cyril, gayly. "By Jove, what a sell it was! One fellow met another fellow—"

"I shall refuse, of course, if you wish it," Guy goes on, addressing his mother, and seeming to notice this brilliant interruption.

"No, no, dear. Write and say you will think about it."

"Won't you listen to my capital story?" asked Cyril, in high disgust. "Very good. You will both be sorry afterwards,—when it is too late."

Even this awful threat takes no effect.

"Unfortunately, I can't do that," says Guy answering Lady Chetwoode. "His friend is obliged to leave the place she is now in, immediately, and he wants her to come here next week,—next"—glancing at the letter—"Saturday."

"Misfortunes never come single," remarks Cyril; "ours seem to crowd. First a ward, and then a widow, and all in the same week."

"Not only the same week, but the same day," exclaims Lady Chetwoode, looking at her letter; whereupon they all laugh, though they scarcely know why.

"What! Is she too coming on Saturday?" asks Guy. "How ill-timed! I am bound to go to the Bellairs on that day, whether I like it or not, to dine or sleep, or spend my time generally. The old boy has some dogs of which he is immensely proud, and he is tormenting me for a month past. I see them. So yesterday he seized upon me again, and I didn't quite like to refuse, he seemed so bent on getting my opinion of the pups."

"Why not go early, and be back in time for dinner?"

"Can't, unfortunately. There is to be a dinner there in the evening for some cousin who is coming to pay them a visit, and I promised Harry, who doesn't shine in conversation, to stay and make myself agreeable to her. It's a bore rather, as I fear it will look slightly heathenish my not being at the station to meet Miss Chesney."

"Don't put yourself out about that: I'll do all I can to make up for your loss," says Cyril, who is eminently good-natured. "I'll meet her if you wish it, and bring her home."

"Thanks old man: you're awfully good!" It would look inhospitable neither of us being on the spot to bid her welcome. Take the carriage and—"

"Oh, by Jove, I didn't bargain for the carriage. To be smothered alive in July is not a fascinating idea. Don't you think, mother,—in an insinuating voice,—"Miss Chesney would prefer the dog-cart or the—"

"My dear Cyril! Of course you must meet her in the carriage," says his mother, in the shocked tone that usually ends all disputes.

"So be it. I give in. Though when I arrive here in the last stage of exhaustion, reclining in Miss Chesney's arms, you will be to blame," says Cyril, amiably, "but, to return to your widow, Guy: who is to receive her?"

"I dare say by this time she has learned to take care of herself," laughing. At all events, she does not weigh upon my conscience, even should I consent to oblige Trant"—looking at his mother—"by having her at 'The Cottage' as a tenant."

"It looks very suspicious, her being turned out of her last place," Cyril says, in an uncomfortable tone. "Perhaps—"

"Here he palls somewhat mysteriously."

"Perhaps what?" asks his mother struck by his manner.

"Perhaps she is mad," suggests Cyril, in an awesome whisper. "An escaped lunatic!—a maniac!"

"I know no one who borders so much on lunacy as yourself," says Guy. "After all what does it matter whether our tenant is fat, fair, and forty, or a lean old maid? It will oblige Trant, and it will keep the place together. Mother, tell me to say yes."

Thus desired, Lady Chetwoode gives the required permission.

"A new tenant at 'The Cottage'—a young lady, visitor, a permanent visitor! It only requires some one to leave us a legacy in the shape of a new-born babe, to make up the deficit of our calamities," says Cyril, as he steps out of the low French window and drops on to the sward beneath.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There are few uncracked walls in Essen, Germany. The testing of the big guns manufactured by Krupp has shaken the foundations of most of the houses, and keeps glaziers busy.

In the Austrian army suicides average 10,000 a year. This does not include felled attempts, and it represents 20 per cent. of the general mortality among the Austrian soldiers.

THE RUSSIAN CAUSE'S GREAT ARMY.

He Can Put Many More Men Into the Field than Either Germany or France.

In spite of financial difficulties and peaceful intentions the Russian Government spares neither pains nor money in its efforts to keep the army on a level with those of France and Germany, or rather to outdo them; and the results—so far as they can be verified in times of peace—are in the highest degree reassuring. As far as mere numbers go the Russian War Minister can put about half a million more armed men in the field than Germany or France. The latter country can reckon on 4,053,000, while Russia has 4,556,000. Considering the question from the financial point of view one cannot help wondering how it comes that an empire whose finances are so disorganised and for the needs of whose famine-stricken population contributions were solicited this year and last year in foreign countries, is in a position to spend more money on its army every year than such a fairly prosperous State as Austria-Hungary. And yet this is the fact.

Austria-Hungary's finances are in so satisfactory a state the forced paper circulation is now making place for a metallic currency on a gold basis and government credit is such that the 4 per cent. loans are being converted without slightest difficulty. And yet the Austria-Hungary in spite of exceptional conditions which would certainly warrant and actually seem to call for increased military expenditure; lays out a considerably smaller annual sum on her army than poverty-stricken Russia, whom no European State would ever dream of attacking.

Foreigners in general have no adequate conception of the changes which, in the course of a few years have contributed to the metamorphosis and regenerate the Russian army. The process may be truthfully described as a new birth. Formerly marvelous powers of endurance and a courage which knew no fear of death were the main characteristics of the Russian soldier, who, when abandoned to himself, had no more initiative than a log of wood. At present he is carefully taught, trained, and drilled, knows as much about military technical matters as the average European soldier can assimilate, and still cultivates the old qualities which alone would give him a vast superiority over some of the most highly equipped troops of at least one great power. Then as to the numbers. A few years ago the infantry consisted of twelve regiments of the guard, sixteen regiments of grenadiers, and 165 regiments of the line.

Gen Vannoffsky, the enterprising War Minister, has within a comparatively short time added seventy-four reserve cadre battalions, which are to serve as the nucleus round which as many reserve regiments of two battalions each are to be formed. As a matter of fact this has already been done with twenty-three of the reserve battalions. It is still being continued, and a few days ago a ukase was published ordering the formation of four more reserve regiments of two battalions each. The words "two battalions each" have a somewhat mild sound to the ears of military men who know that the ordinary Russian infantry regiment consists of four battalions; but the sound is delusive and misleading, for these reserve regiments contain each 1,555 common soldiers and forty officers, so that they are practically equal in numbers to the regiments of four battalions (the latter possessing 340 men more, in other words, 1,895 instead of 1,555), a difference which, in case of need, could be made good without the slightest difficulty. These facts should be continually borne in mind by those who accuse Germany and Austria-Hungary of taking the initiative in imposing unbearable burdens on the taxpaying populations. Russia, whom no other power would or could attack, and who can scarcely pay her way, is actually compelling her neighbors to equalize their chances against her in war.

WOMEN AS CRIMINALS.

They Are More Cruel and Deliberate Than Men in their Crimes.

"While man is undoubtedly as a rule the more prominent in crime, woman, on the other hand, is at once more cruel and cunning in what she does," says a well known detective.

"From the circumstance that a considerable number of women than men are convicted of crime the inference is drawn that in woman the criminal propensities are weaker or under better control. Such a conclusion is, however, not borne out by the facts, for when crimes have been traced to women it has been found, in the majority of cases, that the guilty deeds had been committed not only with systematic cunning, but also with a coolness and cruelty which have seldom been attributed to men."

"There are several reasons," continues the detective "why so few women have been convicted of crime. Man's natural sympathy for her often causes him to overlook important points against her. If there are men in this profession who are not susceptible to a woman's plea, I, in my experience of twenty-six years, have failed to find them."

"Another thing: It is seldom considered that girls are watched more carefully than boys, and are under greater restraint. Neither is it taken into account that older females spend more of their time at home, while males of their own age are on the street or mingling with persons whose habits are not always of the best. Many of the temptations to crime come from business complications in which women have little or no share, as they spend most of their time at home with their children and female companions. Most homicides, you know, are the results of anger excited when persons are away from their homes and families, as violent quarrels generally take place in the street or bar room, and not in the parlor or sitting room."

"Now as to the cruelty and deliberation of the female criminal. The history of crime shows that most of the murders committed by women are those perpetrated by the administration of poison. They show careful preparation and great deliberation. In almost every instance treachery is employed, the victim being invited to partake of refreshment supplied by one who is presumed to be a friend. Murder by the administration of poison is considered the most foul and the darkest of all the crimes, but it is the one that women have been addicted to more generally than men in all ages and countries."

"Another very remarkable fact," continued the detective, "has recently been men-

tioned in a London paper by the chaplain of Clerkenwell Jail. It is that some criminals are practically incurable. From a table prepared by him it was shown that during last year there were committed to the prisons and jails of England and Wales 5096 men and 9764 women who had been convicted no less than ten times previously. You see the force of the comparison.

"A partial explanation of this strange state of things may be found in the fact that women are more thorough-going in all things good, bad or indifferent, than the men. They do nothing by halves. Be the matter the construction of a shortcake, the making of a crazy quilt, or the poisoning of a rival, woman devotes all her time, knowledge and talent to what she has in view."

"Then again a woman has less chance of reformation than a man. The latter can go to a distant land, raise whiskers or shave those he had, assume a different name and commence life anew. He can generally find employment; but with the woman it is more difficult. Disguise is not so easy, and if she goes to a different place some one is liable to recognize her."

"A strange woman is always looked upon with suspicion, as it is presumed that she would prefer to live in the town where she was brought up and where her old acquaintances are. A man gets credit for his enterprise if he goes to a new country and engages in a business for himself, but such is not the case with a woman. If she is once discovered her own sex are the first to point their fingers at her, turn up their noses and refuse to associate with her, the result of which is that she becomes hardened and callous and is again driven to crime."

"It is so easy to forever ruin a woman. Listen to the stories of some of our demimonde, women who at the beginning had families, friends and social standing. The tempter comes, ruin follows, then fruitless efforts to hide their disgrace. Society discards them, shame forces them to seek places where they are unknown. Want follows, and finally, almost inevitably, a life of public and brazen shame."

GLADSTONE AND THE QUEEN.

How the "Grand Old Man" is Regarded by England's Ruler.

"Member of Parliament" writing from London says:—At the time of my writing Gladstone is just concluding a visit to Windsor Castle. The Queen, with her usual tact, has taken good care to give no cause for offense even to the most jealous of politicians with regard to the way she has dispensed hospitality. Some of the new men of the Ministry, who now, for the first time, enter upon official life, have already received special invitations to the castle. She still shows a personal like for Salisbury, but Gladstone is, outwardly, at least, placed upon the same footing. The court is too wise these days to take an active side in party politics. There are no favorites. The Queen herself may have private preferences, but they are not visible beyond the circle of her home. Salisbury and Gladstone are both most interesting men personally and their conversation upon any topic would always be worth listening to. Of course, in the presence of the Queen they can not start any subject. They must follow the lead that is given them, but there is no question of the day, foreign or domestic, upon which the Queen if not so well informed that she has nothing to learn from the wisest of her guests. As for the various forces that go to make up public life Gladstone himself has not more intimate knowledge of them. The advantage of this position at the present day, alike to Crown and country, is immense. No jealousies can be excited where no marked preferences are shown. Men are coming to the front whose avowed object is to wreck existing institutions. Most of them want to begin with the monarchy, but they find no responsible statesman to lead them. Gladstone has always paid the profoundest deference to the Queen as well as to the royal family generally. The Prince of Wales, like his mother, shuns committing himself to any party. It would not do for any one to attack Gladstone or Salisbury in his presence. Privately his leanings are supposed to tend in the direction of Liberalism. Once it was whispered that he was in favor of home rule under proper checks, but he has very few confidants in these matters. He has never given any one the right to say what his opinions really are. One thing certain is that all of our leading public men concur in praising his sound common sense, good judgment and right feeling. Gladstone indulges in some tall talk when out of office, but depend upon it he is never going to lead a revolution. He must keep up his influence over all sections of his party, but when it comes to carrying out the views of the extremists he is not there. He is a pretty good Conservative as soon as he gets into power, and even forwards are wonderfully cooled down under his influence. There is Asquith, the new Home Secretary, who was supposed to be another Robespierre. He has been twice to Windsor Castle, and now goes around hurrying over the place like a tame cat. No doubt if we had a tyrant on the throne all these gentlemen would rush to arms and become so many Cromwells, but under the present circumstances what is the use of threatening to let out anybody's blood? There are no longer any tyrants in high places, though there are a good many to be found if you look lower down. See how few are the changes even contemplated. Instead of abolishing the House of Lords Gladstone is rewarding personal friends with peerages. Egypt is not to be evacuated, and even Uganda may be kept under one pretext or another. The Government will send out a commission of inquiry of its own. What does that mean? Simply that we shall stay where we are. It is the old story. The more you change the more it is the same thing. Offices and honours go to one side instead of to the other, but the essential principles remain unchanged. Of course, there is the Irish difficulty. Gladstone thought it would keep for at least another year, and now we seldom hear it mentioned. The old man is King while Parliament is not sitting, and that gives him three months' breathing time, during which anything may happen."

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

Those Automatic Bozoi.

A three-year-old boy was given a penny one Sunday by his mother to put into the offertory.

When the box was handed to him he dropped in his penny, and looking up in his mother's face said audibly:

"Muvver, what do you think will come out, tocolate or callanets?"

MINDEN ECHO

9/12/1897

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 data are skewed to the right, with a
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WINDEN ECHO

2/12/1997

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FRANCE'S WAR IN AFRICA.

A Campaign That Has Placed Dahomey at Her Mercy.

King Behanzin's Desperate Struggle to Keep His Throne—Fortifications Thrown Across the Route of the Invaders at a Dozen Places—The Natives' Arms Badly but Fight With the Greatest Courage.

It is over three months since France began her second war with Dahomey. Col. Dodds led into the field nearly 4,000 soldiers, mostly Senegalese and Porto Novans. With only 125 miles between his camp on the coast and Abomey he advanced with the greatest caution, and in the last half of his journey the desperate enemy contested nearly every step of the way. Col. Dodds has always been noted for careful attention to the well being of his troops. In one of his expeditions against Senegambian rebels, a few years ago, he provided camels for all his European soldiers that he might spare them the terrible discomfort of tramping in that tropical region. After some of his hardest fights with the Amazons of King Behanzin, Col. Dodds kept quietly in camp for a day or two to let his men rest. Sometimes also he found it necessary to halt for a few days in order that his porters, several thousand in number, who carried food for the army, could go to Porto Novo and return with fresh supplies.

Col. Dodds began on Aug. 17 to ascend the Whome River. This is the first time the Whome has been used as a highway by an invading army. The Kings of Dahomey have always regarded the Whome as defensively the weak point of their country, and for generations they kept it

CLOSELY GUARDED.

so that no stranger might use it as a highway into the interior. It was not until 1875 that Father Baudin of the French Missions eluded the Dahomeyan guards and paddled about forty miles up the river. Since the natives became better acquainted with the whites the Whome has been ascended by several officials and explorers, including Ballot and Skerthby. These travellers found that light-draught steamers could easily ascend the tortuous stream to within twenty-five miles of Abomey, and when the French decided last winter to punish foolish young King Behanzin for his arrogant threats and disregard of treaty obligations, it was decided to use the Whome as a highway to the neighborhood of the capital.

His three little vessels, two of them gunboats, could not carry a third of Col. Dodds' force and supplies. The cavalry horses and their riders, for the most part, ascended on the boats; heavy artillery wagons dragged by natives went in advance, crushing a road through the jungle and forest along the river bank for the greater part of the expedition. Two or three thousand porters were always on the march between strong detachments of soldiers carrying the supplies; and other large bands of carriers were tramping to and fro along the road thus made, replenishing the commissary department from the abounding markets of Porto Novo.

Col. Dodds had been only five days on his journey when the trouble began. The well-wooded district through which the infantry were marching afforded the best of shelter for the enemy, and for days hardly an hour passed that the ambushed soldiers of Behanzin were not firing into the advancing column. The enemy did not appear in strong force, however, and were easily forced back.

Behanzin had thoroughly planned his defence. He did not intend to offer serious battle until the French were far inland. If he then succeeded in defeating them he hoped to wipe them before re-enforcements could reach them or they could flee to the coast. It was not until Col. Dodds had advanced about fifty miles up the river that he

CAME WITHIN SIGHT

of the first earthworks which the enemy had built crossing the route along which the invader was advancing. If defeated in his first serious stand, Behanzin intended to fall back ten or twelve miles to another line of fortifications, and in this way he had prepared for a possible retreat of his army all the way to Abomey. The nearer the French came to the city the more numerous they found the lines of defence.

Behanzin knew just where to place these fortifications, for as the whites were using the Whome as a highway, he knew they would ascend it until they reached Toghue, whence the only fair road to the capital leaves the river; and it was necessary for the French to use this road, because the forest is very dense between the river and Abomey, and the invaders could take no other route save at great cost of time and energy.

Col. Dodds' first hard fight was at the little hamlet of Taku, where his column was attacked by a small force. He captured the town and drove the enemy before him as he still advanced along the left bank. Five more hard fights occurred before the army reached Toghue, when Col. Dodds turned west to Abomey. In two of these battles the Dahomeyans brought at least 4,000 men and women soldiers into action. The loss of the natives was heavy, for the French had the best of rifles and artillery. The Dahomeyans fought with the greatest courage, and at the battle of Dogba, where the King's brother led the charge, thirty of the women warriors were killed almost at the muzzle of the cannon. They had a large supply of ammunition, but wasted the most of it. Their guns, contrary to many reports, were of inferior quality, and they were slow in loading them. In firing they held the butts of the weapons under their arms and blazed away, most of their shots whizzing above the heads of the French forces.

All these battles occurred in the timber, and on two occasions the natives surprised the French early in the morning by rushing unheralded upon the advancing force. This is their favorite mode of attack. When possible they always endeavor to swarm in upon and overwhelm an enemy early in the day before he had stirred from camp. It was estimated on Oct. 2, when Col. Dodds left the river and began his overland march to Abomey, that Behanzin had already lost a third of his fighting force. About 5,000 men and women had been killed or wounded. Behanzin had been compelled to keep a large force on the road between his advanced posts and the capital to replenish his food supplies. He had also found it necessary to return to the capital himself for a fortnight to quell a revolution that broke out in his absence. His wife and elder brother were leaders of the revolt, and they and their party fled to the north when

the King with all his reserve troops suddenly appeared on the scene.

The young man exhibited the most desperate courage. Probably long before Dodds reached the neighborhood of Abomey, the King bitterly regretted his foolhardy recklessness in making enemies of the French. It was too late, however, to retrieve the blunder. All he could do was to fight with the utmost desperation for his throne, and that he did. He no sooner returned to his force at the front than he sent word to Col. Dodds that unless he at once turned

BACK TO THE SEA

he would annihilate him. He said he had held the flower of his army, and the best of his equipment in reserve, and would not permit the French to advance another inch into his country. This was pure braggadocio. Col. Dodds paid no attention to the empty threat, but as soon as his force and supplies had been landed at Toghue he started west for the sacred town of Canna and the capital.

Then Behanzin's frantic efforts to stop the invaders were redoubled. Fortifications had been erected every three or four miles across the road. The entire Dahomeyan army was now at the front. Every day for five days the native army threw itself with the utmost desperation upon the enemy. The French vigorously repulsed each attack, and the natives suffered great loss. As a result of this fighting Behanzin asked for a parley. Col. Dodds said that he would talk with the King provided he would first evacuate the defences which he had erected along the Koto River. Behanzin refused to give up this line of defence, and next day the column again advanced. It had been re-enforced by fresh arrivals from the coast, and in two days more it had captured the strongest lines of fortifications it has yet met on the Koto River, and had also scaled two lines of entrenchments beyond Akpa. In these later affairs the French lost eighty-seven killed and wounded, and in the first twenty miles of their march from the Whome the French loss was twenty-seven killed and 161 wounded.

Col. Dodds' forces were tired out with almost incessant fighting, and four miles from Canna he paused to give his troops a rest. A large number of his carriers were provided with hammocks and carried the wounded back over the hard-won road and down the river to Porto Novo. A strong force of soldiers went with them as an escort. Dodds did not intend to advance again until a thousand porters who were supposed to be on the road from Porto Novo with supplies reached him. Three days later the supplies came and then Col. Dodds easily

DROVE THE ENEMY OUT

of the sacred town where the bones of a long line of Dahomey's Kings are buried.

Behanzin now retired to the new lines of fortifications with which he had surrounded Abomey, eight miles beyond Canna. About the middle of November Col. Dodds began the siege of Abomey. He had found that in the last two or three battles, culminating with the evacuation of Canna, the resistance of the Dahomeyans had become less and less serious. They had time and again seen their comrades mown down by grape-shot at the muzzles of the French guns, and had become greatly disheartened. Behanzin had a few Krupp and canister guns which were badly served, and some of them were disabled by the French artillery. It seemed evident, however, that the enemy would make a desperate attempt to save their cause by preventing the French from entering the capital. Col. Dodds' plan was to invest this town of 12,000 people and wait until additional forces were sent to him from the coast before attempting aggressive measures. Caution is one of his most admirable characteristics, and having carried everything before him to the gates of the capital he did not intend to risk all in the final battles without a force to insure his victory.

All through the campaign Dodds has been able, every week or so to despatch couriers to Porto Novo with despatches for the French Government. From Porto Novo they were telegraphed to the coast. These despatches have very concisely summed up the progress of the expedition. The couriers travelled with great rapidity, and the despatch from Canna was cabled to Paris four days after it was sent. This, however, is not quite so expeditious as the time made by Behanzin's runners, who, stationed in relays along the road between Abomey and Whydah, have carried his messages to the coast in a single day. Details of the fighting have been received from French officers with this expedition.

Col. Dodds has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General for the great success he has achieved. His family for some generations have lived in Senegal, and his grandfather married a Fulbe woman, so that Col. Dodds has a considerable admixture of native blood in his veins. He is 50 years old, and has made a splendid record in the wars which France has waged, both in Senegal and in Tonkin.

The French nation has watched the progress of the campaign with the greatest interest, and not a few canards have been manufactured in Paris to meet the demand for news. Some of these sensational lies, as the alleged murder of Behanzin, the fall of Abomey, and the execution of the white men found in Behanzin's service, have been cabled to this country. France now has a once powerful native Africa State at her feet. She can and undoubtedly will make the conquered State one of the most valuable of her African possessions.

Loved His Papa

Little Boy—"I met Mr. Jones on the street and he said he wanted to see papa about something and he called papa a 'walking' encyclopedia."

Mamma—"Indeed! And what did my little pet say to Mr. Jones?"

Little Boy—"I called him an old centipede and threw a stone at him."

Sufficient Points of Resemblance.

"Darling, don't you think little Johnnie resembles you more and more every day?"

"Do you think so, dearest?"

"Yes, love. If you notice you will find that he always wants the best in the house and that he never does anything as you want him to and that he is continually oversteering, and yesterday he kissed the chambermaid."

"That will do, Maria."

The oldest building in England is the Tower of London.

FOOD, COOKS, AND EATING.

Columbus discovered turtle soup.

Moore was the only English epicure poet. John Baptist ate locusts and wild honey. Locusts are still eaten in Africa and Arabia.

Cream ices were first made in Paris in 1774.

Calves' head soup is first mentioned in 827.

Dumas attributed Eve's sin to the love of eating.

Napoleon's favorite dainty was blood pudding.

The Danes were accustomed to eat six times a day.

In 1500 the French made five kinds of wheat bread.

The Middle Ages were famous for their soups.

Bread was first made in England with yeast in 1034.

Animals were granted to Noah as food, B.C. 2348.

Ices were unknown before the seventeenth century.

Oliver Cromwell loved veal seasoned with oranges.

In 1313 the price of an ox was \$12; if corn-fed \$18.

In 1313 a lamb was worth but two dozen eggs, 3d.

Salmon was formerly believed to promote drunkenness.

The peacock and swan were famous old German dainties.

In Iceland codfish beaten to a powder are used as bread.

The fashion of serving the fish between meats began in 1562.

Ching Nung, B.C. 1098, taught the Chinese to make bread.

Pork was the most highly esteemed flesh at a Roman table.

Good cooking was introduced into England by the Normans.

Snails, called escargots, are in France considered a dainty.

In 1530 oranges were first imported into England from Italy.

For five centuries France has furnished the world with cooks.

Hippocrates mentions wafers, fruits, cream and cheese as desserts.

The Egyptians cooked meat as soon as the animal was killed.

In B.C. 1893 Abraham cooked a calf to entertain his friends.

Leo X. was a most notable patron of cooking and a famous eater.

At a Roman feast all viands were served in hot chafing dishes.

Marmalade, made from quinces, was known in England in 1400.

Marie de Medici introduced Italian cooks and cookery into France.

Thomas Cosgate introduced the fork into England about 1640.

Vitellius had one dish which cost 1,000 sesterces, over \$40,000.

The booksellers' lists contain the titles of over 600 cook-books.

In the seventeenth century chickens were served with verjuice.

Plutarch says no Egyptians save the Lycopolites would eat mutton.

THE LUNAR ATMOSPHERE.

Recent Observations at the American Station in Peru.

During his observations at Arequipa, Peru, Prof. W. E. Pickering has frequently seen the so-called "lunar twilight," which prolongs the cusps of the crescent moon. This phenomenon has been noted by other scientists, among whom are Schroeter, Webb and Gruithuisen, and Prof. Pickering's observations of that exhibition of the existence of a lunar atmosphere have led him to speak more at length in regard to the thin aerial cloak which encompasses the earth's satellite. The Arequipa observations were made with a high-power telescope, and the lunar twilight was traced across the stellar surface to a distance corresponding to sixty seconds of arc, or in lunar latitude to about 4 degrees, as against the 18 degrees of latitude in

A TERRESTRIAL TWILIGHT.

As the atmospheric refraction induced by the moon's atmosphere is equal to a divergence of about two seconds from the direct ray, it has been generally accepted as a matter of common belief that the density of the lunar atmosphere is about three hundredths, or four one-hundredths of that of the terrestrial atmosphere.

According to Prof. Pickering's observations these figures are much too large. On August 12, 1892, during the occultation of Jupiter, he repeated some experiments that he had made in California during a similar occultation, and he now reiterates his belief that the density of the lunar atmosphere is surely not above 1-4000 and may not be 1-8000 of that of the earth. The basis for this conclusion is that immediately before and after the occultation of Jupiter the refraction produced by the lunar atmosphere did not exceed one second of arc. This observation was carefully made, and will probably be confirmed by future photographs of lunar refraction. The fact that the lunar atmosphere is even much less dense than it has been believed to be may be accepted as at least partially proven. For all practical purposes this would render the lunar atmosphere at the surface of the moon of the same density as the terrestrial atmosphere at about forty-five miles from the surface of the earth. It is known that the latter density is sufficient to cause refraction, so that there seems nothing unreasonable in Prof. Pickering's conclusions.

Why the moon's air should be so rarefied is still an open question. It may be taken for granted that, if the moon were once a part of the earth, the original lunar atmosphere was at least 1-40th as dense as the present terrestrial atmosphere. That it has grown at least 100 times as rarefied is a strange circumstance, but one that admits of a plausible explanation. According to Prof. Pickering's theory given in the present number of Astronomy, with an account of his Arequipa observations, the loss of density in the lunar atmosphere has not only been going on since the moon was born into space, but is being continued to-day.

"According to the researches of Prof. Langley and Very, the temperature of the moon's surface may be taken at about 0° centigrade. There is no reason to suppose that any particle situated in the immediate

vicinity of the earth's orbit, would possess a much lower temperature than if exposed to

THE SUN'S RAYS.

At this temperature the molecules of nitrogen composing our atmosphere have a mean velocity of rather less than one-third of a mile per second, and the molecules of oxygen a mean velocity of rather more than one-quarter of a mile. These are their mean velocities, but some of these particles are undoubtedly moving at a very much slower rate than this, and some a great deal faster. When there are many of them they are changing their velocities millions of times every second, owing to natural collisions. But where there are only comparatively few of them, as would be the case, for instance, near the outskirts of the lunar atmosphere, it would frequently happen that one of these molecules possessing five or six times the average velocity of the rest would not meet any other molecule in its path to stop it and it would then be carried away from the moon never to return to it again unless brought back by the attraction of some other outside body such as the earth or the sun. We thus see that even now the moon must be constantly losing whatever atmosphere it possesses while it has no means whatever of recovering it.

Fortunately if the same thing be taking place in the terrestrial atmosphere it must be doing so at a very slow rate indeed. If in some earlier period hydrogen gas was more abundant in the terrestrial atmosphere than it now is, it may be that much of that gas escaped, but the oxygen and nitrogen are not likely to be lost very easily. For a long time to come, therefore, the earth seems safe enough as a breathing place for mankind, and it is probable that the density of the terrestrial atmosphere will last as long as the human race does.

AN INVISIBLE EMPEROR.

Streets Must Be Vacant Where the Chinese Monarch Walks.

The traveler who is strolling about the principal thoroughfares of Peking is liable at a crossing of two main streets to find a huge screen of patchwork cloth suspended from poles in such a way as to obstruct the view from all sides, only a narrow opening left for carts and pedestrians. Praising his way he notices that the entrance to all the many alleys is barricaded with rush mats, and the same kind of screen is placed in front of ruined temples and vacant lots which have been used as the places of deposit of filth or rubbish. Whenever the Emperor is about to make his exit from the city or is about to return criers announce that fact to the people, who then disappear, not to emerge until the invisible monarch has passed, when things go on as usual until the next occasion of a like nature.

There are two main benefits supposed to be attached to this characteristically Oriental proceeding—it helps to preserve the fiction of the sacredness of the person of the Emperor and of his being something other than an ordinary mortal, and it is a valuable check upon reckless assassins of the Goutean type, whom China would easily furnish in unlimited numbers. A third result is incidental. As the people see nothing of the Emperor, so he sees nothing of the people. He is probably the only man in China who is unable to form any idea of what the Chinese are like or what they are about. What is seen in the imperial court is no type of China or the Chinese, but it must be a literal impossibility for the Emperor to get anything else upon which to base a notion of his empire.

What does the Emperor think, how much does he know, what does he think that he knows, does he think at all, what is the specific gravity of the darkness in which he perpetually abides and how many beat rays of light reach him through the opaque oyster shells known as "boards"? This mats-and-bed quilt theory of government is not confined to the Emperor, but runs all the way through the ranks of officialdom. The district magistrate is supposed to be the man that knows his district, and the prefect the man that knows his prefecture; but these are mere figures of speech used in a purely ideal way. No one in a district knows less of what is going on within its boundaries than the chief officials; no one would have more trouble in finding out what is going on, supposing he really desired to know.

As a rule, there is no one who really cares less to know or who considers it less his business to know, provided the taxes are paid and the people are "tranquilized." It is very difficult for most Chinese officials to come to any useful conclusion as to their duties, for the reason that they generally have too little interest in the matter, and are in reality almost as much pinioned in shackles as the prisoners at the doors of their yamens wearing wooden platform shoes about their necks, but with this difference, that the sentence on the prisoner is for a definite term and end, while that of the official is too often limited only by his life. Chinese officialdom is largely shut up in a shell, just as it was a generation ago, and if we hear the hammering within it is much more likely to be a defense against those outside to prevent their breaking in than an effort on the part of the imprisoned to get out.—[North China.]

Was It a Breach?

A well-known attorney in Detroit, when he first hung out his shingle, didn't know anywhere near as much as he knows now about the mysteries of the profession. His first client was a young woman who wanted to bring a suit for breach of promise. He asked her to tell him all the circumstances, and she did. When her story was finished he shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't know about this," he said.

"You say he asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you said you would?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then he left and didn't come back any more?"

"Yes, sir."

"Um—um," hesitated the attorney; "did you ask him to be your husband?"

"Of course I didn't."

"Did he promise to be?"

"No, sir."

"Did he say anything further than for you to be his wife?"

"No, sir."

"Well, my dear miss, I don't see where there was any breach of promise, do you? The fact is, you were careless, and I don't see how you can win this case. You'll have to be more particular next time. You—she didn't wait to hear any more of his advice; she bounced out and got another attorney."

HIS PLUCK SAVED HIM.

A "Cruiser's" Terrible Experience in a North Michigan Wilderness.

Four Days in a Snow Storm, Alone and Disabled by an Accident—How He Made His Way to a Lumber Camp and Was Saved.

A correspondent at Grand Rapids, Minn., writes as follows:—James Gilmore, who is now limping around the Hotel Gladstone in this city, is the hero of a story of indomitable pluck and courage that has seldom if ever been equaled in the annals of the woods in the far North. Like a typical hero, Gilmore wears his honors modestly, and it is almost with diffidence that his few words concerning the adventure have been told. His pale face, emaciated limbs and pain-drawn face tell a most eloquent story, however, of his privation and suffering.

Gilmore in local parlance is a "cruiser." Two weeks ago last Sunday he was up on the Big Forks River, about sixty miles from here, looking over the timber for the purpose of finding a suitable piece and then taking a homestead. He had with him the usual outfit of a cruiser or explorer—blankets, provisions and gun. Of course a good sharp ax was included. As he was making his way through some thick underbrush with that implement in his left hand some twigs caught the handle and his leg was thrown against the keen bit with such force as to sink it clear to the bone, just above the knee.

GILMORE'S STORY.

"There was not much pain," he said, in telling his story to your correspondent, "but my leg refused to support me, and then I think I must have fainted. When I revived I found myself lying helpless in the snow, which was rapidly being crimsoned with the blood from my injured limb. My first thought was to staunch the hemorrhage, which I managed to do by unbuckling my leather belt from around my body and strapping it firmly and closely just above the wound. Darkness was by this time falling, the snow eddying about me and the wind was rising. Disengaging my pack, sack and blankets, I tried to arise. The effort was a failure, the limb proving useless. Then I realized that I had before me a struggle against fearful odds for life, but I determined to fight the grim old monster to a gritty finish one way or another.

"There I was miles from any human being or habitation. Where I fell, however, the brush was quite thick. There I managed in some way, I hardly know how, to clear, one-handed, with my ax, a little open space in which to lie in easily. I also contrived to collect enough wood to make a little fire, for the cold was telling on me and I was nearly frozen. Next I managed to get at my blankets and unpack my sack. Over my fire of sticks I was enabled to cook a little food, and from melted snow I made some coffee.

"It was nearly midnight before I got enough brushwood together by dragging myself

FROM BUSH TO BUSH

by my hands to keep the fire going the rest of the night. When I cut down a bush I made short pieces of it, and with a pole poked them into a convenient place. At last I dragged myself up and rolled up in the blankets. I was very weak from loss of blood. I could not sleep much, and would not have dared to any way, as I had the fire to keep up. It was Sunday. I staid there all of Monday, the next day. I enlarged my camp a little by dragging myself around for fuel. Since November 1, and even earlier, that region has been covered with snow. That Monday night was one of the sharpest of this season. The thermometer slid down to 10° below zero and there was a strong north wind. What I endured as I lay there wounded and weak from loss of blood must be imagined. I can not describe it.

"Tuesday, the second day after the accident. I decided to try to get to a camp. My wound had become feverish. My temples were throbbing like trip-hammers, my fingers were benumbed and my feet slightly frost-bitten. I commenced to use my wits still further. In my pack-sack was a ball of twine; as all experienced woodsmen and packers always carry for emergencies. That I measured into three equal lengths of about 40 feet. The end of one was tied to my rifle that of another to my pack, and that of a third to my bundle of blankets. With the loose ends attached to my well leg I would crawl the 40 feet and then draw the articles separately to me, only to repeat time and time again the process of the tedious march. During that day I managed to make about half a mile, and at night found myself at the banks of a small frozen stream. I made a camp the same as I had the two nights previous.

"During that night I solved the problem of proceeding further. With my sharp ax I chopped runners for a rude sled, and with the cord that had stood me in such good stead I lashed the parts together. I loaded on my pack, blankets and gun, together with myself, and with my iron-pointed staff I pushed myself nine miles along that stream on the ice, getting within a quarter of a mile of a camp, which I reached Wednesday night, the fourth after the accident.

"There was no one there to give my injuries a professional dressing, but bandages were applied and the next day, on the bottom of a springless camp supply wagon, I began a sixty-mile ride over a corduroy road. That was the most painful part of the journey, and it took me three days to get here to Grand Rapids."

When Gilmore got here he was completely prostrated from the jolting he had received, while his injured limb was swollen to twice its natural size. In spite of all that exposure he is gaining strength and the wound is healing nicely. No one here, however, has any desire to experience his record in these great woods of the northland.

A Wonderful Dream.

Watts, a Bristol man, the discoverer of the present mode of making shot, owed his fortune to a dream, which led him to wonder what shape molten lead would assume in falling through the air, and, finally, to set his mind at rest, he ascended to the top of the steeple of a church, and dropped slowly and regularly a ladleful of molten lead into a moist below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow several handfuls of the most perfect shot he had ever seen.

MINDEN ECHO

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